Section 9 - Jesuitica

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

Vol 76 - 1947

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# THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. LXXVI, No. 3 OCTOBER, 1947


## ADDRESS OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII

### At The Canonization of

### Sts. John De Britto and Bernardino Realino

### June 23, 1947

Sanctity, beloved sons, is a marvelous and multiform jewel with which the Church, Spouse of Christ, adorns her starred mantle, choosing and elaborating with the exquisite art of Divine grace the most varied precious stones of every type and in every part of the world. Today the Company of Jesus acquires simultaneously the splendor of two new jewels, two very different sparkles, but both scintillating with one and the same religious beauty—as formerly was strikingly illustrated for Our great predecessor Leo XIII in the three saints Peter Claver, John Berchmans, and Alphonsus Rodriguez, so different in age, in functions, and in saintly qualities.

In the beauty of sanctity, which we venerate on the altars, shines forth that harmonious unity which blends into one and the same light the rays of its manifold variety. Is it not, perhaps, apparent to him who contemplates the Institute and the heroes of the Company of Jesus that Divine Providence has been pleased to make varied emulations of equal sanctity one of the characteristics of the sons of Loyola? No less equal and different appear to us the two new saints, John de Britto

and Bernardino Realino. Yet in the contrast by which they seem opposed—to him who beholds them from without—in natural characteristics such as the circumstances of their lives, and their wealth, in their progress toward saintly deaths, in their activities and powers, there appears a still more striking resemblance in them of two genuine brothers, two sons of the same father, whose ineffaceable likeness they bear impressed on their countenances.

The firstborn son of a gentleman at one of the courts of Southern Italy, Bernardino set out with open and ardent soul in the youthful life of the universities, passing from one to another, devoting himself with equal energy and success to medicine and to letters, to philosophy and to law, a joyful companion in the student circles of Modena and an associate in their turbulent amusements. Having set out on such a slippery declivity, where will he end up? The brake of his deep religious faith will hold him back on the brink of the precipice, while an honest love cherished in the sanctuary of his heart protects him, and, prompting his application to study, directs and leads him to jurisprudence. Victorious over seductions and despising vulgar temptations, but haughty and inflexible on questions of honor, he is not sufficiently able to overcome himself, to rule his self-respect and his sense of offended justice, and to restrain his sword, which trembles and vibrates in its sheath. Condemned by the rigorous sentence of his own prince, he is received and sought everywhere else. Embittered for a time by some vexing insult and a stroke of bad fortune, his Christian outlook reawakened and then all began to go well with him. But lo, when before his feet the brilliant career of the magistracy lay open to him, the voice of God, intimately speaking within his heart, made itself heard ever more pressingly; and prompted thereby, we see him at the age of thirty-four years presenting himself at the Novitiate of Naples.

How different from this youth full of movement and of reverses appears to us that of John de Britto! Ben-

jamin of his family, bereft of his father from earliest infancy, brought up at the court of the wise king of Portugal, John IV, in the midst of the jollity of his fellow-pages, the lovable image of a new Stanislaus is faithfully recaptured in him. His modesty, his piety, the free custody of his angelic purity became for him targets of laughter and even more unbecoming conduct, which, borne with patience, caused him to be surnamed, as if foreshadowing his heroic end, the martyr. Do not consider him insensible to that which hurts his self-respect. Rather, he was of such gentle temper even toward those who did not appreciate his virtue that he answered those who derided and offended him with the sweetest of smiles and the greatest affability. When he entered young manhood higher thoughts enlightened his mind and more ardent and extensive plans inflamed his heart; so much so that, overcoming the instances of the royal family, who would have liked to keep him at court to be its model and one day its apostle, he renewed and fulfilled the intention, long before conceived, of giving himself wholly to God in the Company of Jesus.

If grace does not destroy nature and human good inclinations, but perfects them, the religious careers of the two saints, sustained by supernatural force, will present no less surprising a contrast. Through a singular reversal of their destinies, but one entirely in the hand of God, the young page from Lisbon, so silent and recollected in his apostolic ardor, leaves his country, his relatives and all his surroundings, and departs for India where there awaits him, an immense field of toil and danger, a life of unceasing missionary enterprises, of adventures, of trials, of persecutions even unto martyrdom. He will be a martyr, and that twice over: the first time, after being already put to torture, he will escape death only because heaven spares him for new mighty labors and sufferings. The interests of the missions entrusted to him and the will of his superiors force him to take the sea voyage back to Portugal; but the love of country, far from retaining him,

sharpens his zeal for the apostolate of India, whither he returns, after a long and difficult sea voyage, there to consummate at the age of forty-five years the sacrifice previously begun, which will end with his mortal remains being in large part devoured by wild beasts.

On the other hand, what do we see happening to the former Italian magistrate? After having consecrated some years in Naples itself to his own spiritual formation and to the works of the apostolate, especially on behalf of his companions and the youth, he is sent to Lecce, the scene of his fervent zeal and his equivalent of India. There the design of Providence will not hesitate to keep him by force and as it were miraculously, for he there dedicates all his days to the humble ministry of confessions and the spiritual direction of souls, who will find in him a wise guide in the path of eternal salvation and who will crowd about him as to a most loving father. Death will come to pluck his life at the age of eighty-six years, surrounded by the veneration of all, and in that city of his adoption which had chosen him, as yet alive, to be its protector and patron. "His sepulchre will be made glorious."

But if the difference between the two saints, in their physiognomy and in their history, appears great, greater still, because more intimate and profound, is their resemblance. The outward life of a man, his natural temperament, the facts which follow upon one another in his life, that which meets the eye, is not the whole man. Man is, over and above a body, a spirit, that immortal spirit which by means of intellect and will reaches outward, conceives high ideals, conquers all wavering between good and evil, between justice and giving offense to others; that immortal spirit in which resides the interior life, which is most proper to man, the principle of his acts and of his actions, the root and the unfolding, the meaning and the value of his greatest achievements as well as of the little incidents of his early pilgrimage, and in addition their importance and true color.

Undoubtedly is can always be alleged that on the

spiritual side all saints resemble each other and are imitators of Christ, the model of all sanctity, however one looks at the matter, because all reflect in themselves His glory, all are brilliant with His grace, all burn with his charity, all aglow with the same ardor in their varied zeal for souls and for the service of God. But, like the charismatic gifts, so also grace has its divisions (cf. I Cor. 12, 4) ; and the Sun of Justice, Who enlightens the whole spiritual world of the saints, varies and multiplies without number His beams of sanctity.

Thus in our two saints we see gleaming with marvelous splendor that same spiritual lamp of the Company of Jesus, which differently yet identically shone forth in the soul and in the heart of St. Ignatius, and which your first Fathers, making use of the language of the Apostle Paul (Gal. 6:14) happily formulate and express in the preamble to your Constitutions: *"Homines mundo crucifixos et quibus mundus ipse sit crucifixus."*

Thus we behold both the two new saints, John de Britto and Bernardino Realino, as images of their Captain, Christ crucified. What imports the diversity of the metal and of the form of the visible nails, when invisible love stronger than iron fastened them to the Cross of the Master? Enlightened by his own experience of the vanity of the world's joys, the inconsistency of its goods and of its favors, Bernardino realized more and more the perishability of all it contains, and ever more resolutely detached himself from all that passes away, from riches, honors, and bonds of affection—even those which were legitimate but all too human—in order to consecrate himself unreservedly to Him who alone remains the immutable Lord, Inspirer, Ruler and Rewarder of every good in the midst of the flux of this present mortal life.

John (de Britto), who was sanctified from the cradle by the gift of sanctifying grace, and later came to taste how sweet was the Lord, passed across the world like a ray of light through the shadow of a dark forest. This lily grows amidst the thorns, raises itself to

heaven and flowers, forgetting how narrowly its roots are encompassed. Nourished inwardly by the breath of divine favors, this mighty youth, who "since it pleased Him who had chosen him even from his mother's womb to call Him to preach His Son to the Gentiles, did not take counsel of flesh and blood" (cf. I Gal. 1:15-16), withdrew himself from the caresses of his mother, from the affection of his king, from the peace of his native land. Both saints, however, were alike in their longing to nail themselves with the three religious nails of poverty, chastity and obedience to the salutary and triumphal Tree of the Eternal King under the protection of the universal Mother of mankind.

*In laboribus.* Consider the young missionary and the heroism of his action, which unfolds itself in the midst of infidel peoples—splendid action, fearless action, fruitful action. One would need a heart destitute of idealism in order not to feel the enthusiasm which the tale of that ardent life arouses, in order not to experience with a sense of holy envy the desire of participating in such arduous evangelical labors and of emulating his merits according to one's own powers. Such a holy envy, such inflamed desires devoured the generous soul of Realino; he too had dreamed of India, had sighed for it, had requested the favor of departing for those distant regions, and toward them his anxious thoughts did not cease to go forth during his entire life. But his missions, his India were to be none other than nearby Lecce. There in the obscure retirement of the confessional and in the room where holy obedience and charity confined him until extreme old age, God had assigned the scene of his missions, his field for the popular dissemination of the Word and the Gospel of Christ, the terrain of the plentiful harvest of his long and incessant work and of his priestly zeal.

In one of these heroes of sanctity is a tireless movement of action without respite or repose, as a result of which his laborious missionary life would have been soon brought to a close, if martyrdom had not come so quickly to arrest the activity and ardor of his preaching

and evangelical conduct, cutting off the path of his life and labors. In the other we find, unmarred by impatience, the immobility of the confessor, of the spiritual director, of the instructor of penitents, of the comforter of the doubtful and of the unfortunate, who sacrifices day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, throughout the entire length of his great and continually increasing age, both himself and every moment of his life and labors, in order to give men by day the light of his doctrine and the fire of his charity, and by night the seraphic loftiness of his contemplative soul.

Their zeal resembles the fire which never cries "Enough." (cf Prov. 30:16). The apostolic zeal in their two hearts almost sought to surpass the extreme limits of their powers, as if it were possible ever to appease their intense desire of forming apostles—as their Father Ignatius and, better yet, their Divine Master urged them to do—whereby their own personal action was increased and extended beyond all limits of space and time. The triumphs of the faith ever grew. Among the new Christians some young men, the flower of the neophytes, took part in, helped, and advanced the labors of their missionary and made his sufferings their own. They won over to Christ their relatives, their friends, and finally their jailers. A century earlier, with the services of the priests, the nobles, and the young men of his Marian Congregations, Realini, without quitting his post, evangelized the whole city of Lecce, entering unseen into the most retired places, into the most inacessible refuges, relieving the most hidden and reticent miseries, reaching with his word and with his invitation the most hardened and bestial sinners.

By such means the ideal of the Society continued to be fulfilled in them: "passing through good fortune as through adversity, advancing with swift steps toward the celestial homeland, bringing thither others also with all energy and zeal *maxiam Dei gloriam semper intuentes*." Ardor in promoting the glory of God was

then the kindling flame and motive for every lofty exertion in the lives and action of John de Britto and Bernardino Realini, and made them brothers in their tireless labors on behalf of souls redeemed by Christ. This reveals to us the secret of that contempt of the world, of those heroic labors, of that indifference toward all the accidents of life, according to which these two apostles did not fail to direct and guide as many as followed them and heard the words which they spoke as ministers of God for salvation unto life eternal.

In the aspects of the greater glory of God you recognize and venerate them, beloved sons of the Company of Jesus, as your brothers and models raised to the greatest dignity on our altars. From their exaltation how much honor and encouragement flow down upon you who, having the same vocation, strive with the divine grace to rival them in the immense variety of your religious duties and your apostolic ministries!

Honor and encouragement also extend to you, dear pilgrims from Carpi, from Modena, from Naples, and most of all to you, children of that "most noble, devout, and genteel city of Lecce" as Realino was pleased to call it. With holy pride in keeping his mortal remains, and faithful especially in keeping alive the memory and observance of his fatherly instructions, rest assured that, if in lifetime he responded to the call of being your patron, in his celestial glory he will not fail to be that which he promised and willed to be, a great mediator in your favor with God.

NOTE: The concluding paragraphs in Portuguese, contain congratulations to the Portuguese pilgrims and additional thoughts on the apostolate and intercessory power of St. John de Britto.

## UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

## OF

## FATHER THOMAS E. SHERMAN, S. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Father Thomas E. Sherman, S.J., son of General William Tecumseh Sherman, U.S.A., Commander of Federal forces during the War Between the States, was born at San Francisco, October 12, 1856. Educated at Georgetown, Yale and the law school of Washington University, St. Louis, he entered the Society at Roehampton, England, as a member of the Missouri Province. His philosophical and theological studies were made at Woodstock and he was ordained in Philadelphia by Archbishop Ryan, July 7, 1889. After laboring for many years throughout the Mid-west and on the Pacific coast, Father Sherman died at New Orleans, April 29, 1933, and is buried in the cemetery of St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau, Louisiana. Beside him rests the body of Father John M. Salter, S.J., former Provincial of the Province of New Orleans, and grandson of Alexander Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy. Their union in death is indeed a blessed symbol of that genuine and enduring fraternal charity which binds all sons of the Society, a bond that neither war nor strife nor bitter memories is powerful enough to sever.

In the following hitherto unpublished letters, Father Sherman reveals to his father his decision to enter the Society, along with the reasons which impelled him to embrace the religious life. For permission to print these letters we are indebted to Father Sherman's niece, Miss Eleanor Sherman Fitch, who possesses the originals.

*To General W. T. Sherman, Washington, D.C.*

St. Louis, Mo., May 20th, 1878

My dear Papa,

I have long had something in my mind that I have wanted to tell you and that I have often had on my tongue to say, but which I have postponed mentioning from time to time for reasons which you will appreciate

when I come to explain myself. What I am going to tell you will, I fear, disappoint you and perhaps cause you pain, and it will therefore be with reluctance and difficulty that I will express that which I have to tell you. I have never desired and what is more, my dear Papa, I have never intended to devote my life to the practice of Law, nor do I now intend to accept any offer looking to my starting in that profession. The reason why I do not intend to become a lawyer is not that I dread the labor and fatigue of the profession, for I believe as firmly as you do that we were all made to work, and that true contentment is found in steady, careful, earnest, patient work. Nor is it because I fear I will not succeed, for my friends give me every reason to think and feel that I would make a good lawyer. Nor is it again because I think the rewards of the profession are too slow, for I think that compared with most other callings that of the lawyer is rich in rewards of riches, honor, esteem and everything else men strive for. The real reason and the only reason why I have chosen not to be a lawyer, and that is what I so much fear will disappoint you, is that I have chosen another profession, in one word I desire to become a priest—a Catholic priest. I say, my dear Papa, that I am fully aware what a bitter disappointment this will undoubtedly be to you, and I can tell you moreover that there is nothing in the world so hard for me as deliberately to displease you and go against your will, disappointing your hopes, defeating your plans and destroying in one sense the effect of all your kind efforts and deep interest in my regard. And this is why I have postponed speaking or writing either to you or to Mama about this all important matter. If I had told you four years ago that I was anxious to become a priest, you would have thought that the influence of the priests at Georgetown had made me desire this—that seeing their quiet, secluded, peaceful, studious way of living, I, who have always been moderately fond of books, desired to lead the same quiet, studious life, and therefore that on that account I wanted to be a priest. You would have told me, I

think, that a couple of years at Yale among my equals or superiors in mind, and men of social standing would dissipate this idea and give me other ideas of life, and other hopes and ambitions. At any rate, this is what I thought you would say, so I thought it not worth while to mention my idea of becoming a priest, but that it was better to go and see whether my ideas would change or my desires would be dissipated. So I went to College, gave up my mind and heart to College studies, College pleasures, College ideas, lived among my equals in age and mind and social position, had a pleasant and, I hope, somewhat profitable stay in New Haven. You know the influences that surround a man at College—what he does, who he goes with—what he thinks and feels, and there is no need of my dwelling on this except to ask you frankly do you think my life at New Haven was such as to make a man want to be a priest? Just as frankly I tell you now that I desired then, more than ever before, to become a priest. Why did I not speak to you then candidly and fully, and ask your consent, or give you a chance to dissuade me? Because, my dear sir, I could not hope that you would agree with me, and I thought, as before, what will Papa say to this? He'll say: "Tom, this is folly. You are a mere boy, have seen nothing of the world yet comparatively; this notion of yours will soon pass off—enjoy yourself and go study law in the fall, etc." This, my dear Papa, is what I think you would have said in all kindness and tenderness to me, and I obeyed the advice without asking it. How I have lived since then you know as well as I do, and I don't propose to tire you or display my own conceit by showing how I have tried to be faithful to your desires; and what I have already said will prepare you for the statement that my desire of entering the ministry of the Catholic church, instead of being weakened by contact with society, has grown stronger; instead of being dimmed by the prospect of success at the bar, has been made clearer and more desirable in my mind; instead of being replaced by hopes of domestic happiness, of riches, and of honors,

has taken the place of all these hopes. I see other men entertaining, and it has come to be the only hope, desire or ambition that I entertain, the only thing I want to work and strive for.

If by writing a volume I could convince you of the truth in which we Catholics believe, I should gladly take the time and joyfully do the work, but I know very well it is not my business, in fact that it would be the height of presumption and folly for such a son to presume to teach such a father. In justice to myself, however, I must say just this one thing: that if you were a Catholic, instead of being chagrinned, disappointed and pained at the step I am going to take, you would be proud, happy and contented in it. For if you believed, as all Catholics do, that the Bible is the revealed word of God, that the Catholic Church is the authorized teacher of the Bible; that this life is intended to be used as a preparation for eternity (and I know, my dear sir, that you give us credit for *sincerity* in this belief) then you would conclude that the best way of spending this life would be in learning the truths that teacher proposes to us, and in helping other people to learn them. As I said, I simply say this much to justify myself if possible in your eyes, and you will readily understand the connection of thought in my mind, and if my reasoning is at fault you will, I know, kindly correct it in your answer: The only obstacle to my doing a certain thing *to which my convictions impel me* is that I will wound and grieve the kindest and tenderest of fathers. Why? Because his opinions, views and convictions do not agree with mine. Am I responsible for that fact, or am I on that account the less bound to follow my own convictions? I think not. Then I commit no crime in grieving him, if I do so with reluctance, and after four years trial of myself; and I do not do wrong even in disobeying him, if, before deciding, I wait until I attain an age when every man feels that he must act for himself, that his life is in his own hands and that he alone is responsible for the future, that as a rational being he must follow the

dictates of his own reason and that nobody on earth can relieve him of the responsibility of doing so.

This thing has been in my mind so long, my dear Papa, I have thought about it so much and turned it over in my reflections so many different ways, putting it in its relation to my own future, to the interests of the family, and to my duty to you, that now that I have come to the point of telling you and acting in the matter, I scarcely know where to commence and where to end. Your answer to this, which I shall expect with the deepest interest, will show me what I ought to explain to you, or where I have failed to make myself clear and what more you desire me to do or say before taking any final and conclusive action. There are some things, though, which I ought to say before closing this letter: I have spoken to Mama, about a week ago I think, concerning this matter, and though the announcement of my intention was such a sudden thing as to be something of a shock to her, and though I know it will grieve her to part from me, still she agrees with me so completely in principle that she has given her consent and approval.

Another thing is that I know this would be a disagreeable thing to have talked about, and might annoy you and the family to death, as a man can't get a new hat now-a-days without being criticized and possibly having the interesting fact telegraphed over the country. So to save you from worry and inquisitiveness, I would rather have the matter kept to ourselves and only talked of between ourselves. With a view to going about the matter quietly, and to save you and the family and myself any annoyance, I had even gone so far as to think of going to England to make my preparatory studies, and would like to know what you would think of such a plan. It seems to me I could go quietly abroad, telling my friends I was going over to study, but not telling them what, and then you could leave it to chance to disclose what had become of me. I don't mean to say that I am ashamed of what I am going to do, or that I am afraid of having it known—

I simply mean that I fear you may be somewhat ashamed of it, and at any rate would not want to have it added to the list of topics on which you are liable to be interviewed.

As I said before, I shall await with very deep interest and grave concern your answer to this letter, and shall listen to all you may have to say in reply with deepest affection and sincerest filial reverence.

Your devoted son,

*Thomas E. Sherman*

* * * * *

*To General W. T. Sherman, Washington, D. C.*

St. Louis, May 25th, 1878

My dear Papa,

I received yesterday afternoon your letter of the 22nd which I have read many, many times, and the burning words which have sunk deep into my mind and heart. During the time that I have contemplated the grave step of which I spoke in my last letter, I have been suffering in anticipation the pain of your disappointment, and the grief of having wounded you; but I feel that grief and pain a hundred-fold more sharply now that I hear from your own lips as it were, how much you are hurt and chagrinned, and how highly you disapprove of my choice of a profession. Weighing again all the reasons against my decision that you suggest and the many others that have occured to my mind, and that I have turned over and over during the last four years and looked at from every side, and putting in the same scale with them my affection and duty to you, my love of home, of family, of friends and relatives, of wealth and honor, of ease and comfort and prosperity; adding still further the appealing words of your letter and its terrible conclusion as to the sorrow I am causing you, I have tried during last

night and this morning to put myself in the presence of that God whom we both worship, of that Inflnite, all-wise, all-good Being whom you invoke in your letter, and before whom we both expect to stand in judgment, and the result is, my dear Papa, that I am confirmed in my resolution and strengthened in my purpose of giving up everything for what I honestly believe to be His service. To give you the steps of reasoning by which I reach this conclusion would be to sermonize, and your letter warns me against that; so all I can do is to state the conclusion frankly and decisively, with bitter sorrow that it must be a painful and unsatisfactory one to you. I alone am responsible for this decision, therefore I alone must bear the burden of offending him whom I have most wished to please and satisfy, for whom I would gladly lay down my life—do anything in fact, but fail to follow my conscience. Had I declared this purpose sooner I should either have gone away from you long before now, or should have lived out a sad life indeed under your perpetual displeasure and perhaps disgust. It is a terrible thing for us both, and therefore the sooner it is over the better. We stand on two sides of the shield and neither of us can see fully the other's side—starting with different premises we reach different conclusions, and each of us feels that argument is vain and useless. Your letter contains but one request, to pause. How long, my dear Papa, do you wish me to wait? My feeling in the matter is that as each of us is fully decided, I after four years of waiting that have seemed to me a small eternity; you after an eventful lifetime and after great and varied experience; as neither of us can hope to alter the mind or feelings of the other, the sooner I am gone the better. As you are far too noble and generous even in your grave annoyance to resort to any other means of prevention than the fair, kind means of reason and persuasion, and as I am fully resolved to act, and delay would only increase the pain felt on both sides, I will make arrangements to sail in a couple of weeks for England, unless you think this ac-

tion precipitate. As for Mr. Hitchcock, I have simply told him I am going abroad to study, to be gone more than one year at least. He thought this quite natural and proper. If you wish it I will tell him frankly the reason of my going, otherwise I don't know that I shall mention it.—Thanking you from my heart for your kind and affectionate treatment of me in this most painful matter,

Your affectionate son,

*Thomas E. Sherman*

* * * * *

*To General W. T. Sherman, Washington, D. C.*

St. Louis, May 27th, 1878

My dear Papa,

I received yesterday your letter of the 24th which I have read carefully many times in connection with your former one, and which I found so full of tenderness and kindness and love for me that it caused me bitter tears to feel that I was deliberately causing you this trouble and grief. Your last letter made me feel too, that if I stated to you more frankly the motives that are impelling me in this, you might acquit me of the terrible charges of selfishness and ingratitude which in spite of your affectionate heart you cannot help making against me. I agree with you that if a man, simply to escape from the cares and troubles of a busy life, and simply to enjoy studious retirement, abandoned his family and friends would be both base and selfish. But if he has no family at all dependent on him, if his family are well off and in no prospect of being in actual want of his services; and if he chooses retirement, not for the sake of ease and leisure but to prepare for an active earnest life, to study for a profession as a man does at West Point, at College or at a professional school of any kind; and if he hopes after the few years of retirement are over to be openly and actively employed

among his fellow men, then I do not think he is either false to his family or his fellow men or wrapped up in himself. It occurred to me when we were traveling on that grand trip last summer when we saw so many wounded officers and men, and then afterwards when we heard on all sides about the character of the Flat Heads and Coeur d'Alenes, that these few Black Gowns among these Indians accomplished more than some few regiments would be able to do. And when we saw Joset and Dionemede I did not think them selfish but the contrary. They left their homes in Italy, they abandoned parents, friends, wealth, country and language even, to go teach those wretched savages some simple truths that all our boasted civilization can't teach them. Was that selfish? Doubtless their friends thought so when they went into a cloister to prepare for the priesthood, but God doesn't think so, and you and I don't think so, now that we see with our own eyes what they have accomplished. I must say frankly that for my part I would rather be Joset today than the Chief Justice of the United States. Now I don't mean to say, my dear Papa, that I am so narrow minded and bigoted that I think a man can't be pure, just, honest, upright, and charitable in the world, for I think that God approves of all honest callings, and I do not have to look further than to you, my dear sir, to find a model of every manly virtue, spotless honor, unsullied purity, kindness, patience, and forebearance, forgiveness of injuries, and every other virtue I desire to emulate.

I haven't any doubt I could make a fortune at the bar and acquire some honor, but I don't want a fortune and that's not the kind of honor I have any ambition for. What I do desire is to devote my life to acquiring knowledge and imparting that knowledge to others, not to making money and then spending it, to try to teach poor people to be contented by showing them how happy even men of culture and refinement can be on very little means, and by teaching them the principles of morality and wholesome truths that are everlasting. Such an ambition you may think is humbug

in one whom you have seen grow up selfish, worldly, fond of dress and pleasure, but you know perfectly well, my dear Papa, that the Catholic Church works great changes in men and shows them a way to act out their inclinations and aspirations practically. Society, you tell me, is shaken to its foundations. Who is going to steady the foundations, that is, the lower classes? Not a lawyer who wins great cases and takes large fees from corporations, but a man that will mingle with the people, teach the people, persuade the people. Now really to reach the people a man must go among them simple in his dress and manners, pure in heart, but with his head well stocked with knowledge to inform and guide them. This I take it is the secret of the success of our Church with the lower classes, and in that success I long to have a hand, because I believe that only our Church can effectually reach the lower classes, and thus aid the Government in suppressing Communism, etc. Of course, my dear Papa, I am deeply grateful for all that you have done for me, for the many advantages I have had in education, travel, society and a thousand ways, but you cannot ask me to show that gratitude by embracing a calling that I have no inclination for when I feel that there is another calling which is more pleasing to God Almighty, will be more useful to my fellow men and in which therefore I shall be much happier, whatever privations, hardships and self-denials that calling may impose or necessitate. I could fill up a sheet with thanks for all you have done for me, but were I to do so I should thank you more than all for allowing us to worship God as we thought right—a blessed privilege, more precious than riches, and therefore, as you say, to be carefully guarded and preserved as it is laid down in the Constitution.

I shall write the letter you direct, and address it to Judge Reber, stating all that you indicate and assuming the whole responsibility of my action, also expressly stating that you disapprove, etc.

The reason for my going to England I did not fully

state. It is not only to save myself from stacks of remonstrant letters or visits of kind friends and relatives, but also—and this is the main reason—because the Church has few candidates of my stamp in this Western Country, whereas in England she has plenty of men of culture, education and good family, intercourse with whom would make my first years easier and more profitable, and enable me to return here a more useful man. As this matter is so terribly distressing to us all, the sooner it is over the better. I have already engaged my passage in the Steamer Scythia which sails June 5th, for I know you and all the family will feel easier when the suspense and doubt are over. The Scythia is a Cunarder, a fine steamer, and full of people destined for the Exposition.

Believe me, my dear Papa, I think and feel a thousand times more than I write or know how to put into words, and shall always remain

Your devoted son,

*Thomas E. Sherman*

* * * * *

*To Judge Samuel Reber, St. Louis, Mo.*

NOTE: Judge Samuel Reber's wife, Margaret Reise, a cousin of General Sherman's was the daughter of his eldest Sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Sherman Reise.

912 Garrison Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.,
June 1, 1878.

Hon. Samuel Reber:

My Dear Sir—I sail on Wednesday, the 5th Inst., from New York for Liverpool by the steamer Scythia of the Cunard Line, and, as the purpose of my voyage has relation to the whole future course of my life, I desire that you as a friend and kinsman of the family should know definitely and explicitly what the purpose is. You are aware, my dear sir, that I graduated a few weeks ago at the law school of the Washington university in

this city. You know, too, that my father has given me a complete education for the bar, having sent me to Georgetown college to make my classics and mathematics, then to the scientific school at Yale for a foundation in natural sciences and modern languages, and finally to our St. Louis law school, where I have attended the full course of lectures during the past two years under the kind instruction of yourself and our other learned professors. For sometime past I have had a strong leaning for the ministry, and so having now reached the age when every man has to choose his own career in life, and having weighed this important matter of a choice with all the care and deliberation of which I am capable, I have decided to become a Catholic Priest. How long ago I reached this decision, what means I have taken to test and confirm myself in my resolution and why, having finally decided, I now choose to go to England to make part of my preparation for the priesthood, are inquiries which are of no interest to anyone but myself, and to answer them would be apart from the object of this letter. I write to inform you and beg you to communicate the information to those who may inquire concerning me, that I assume to myself the whole responsibility of my choice, as with me alone rested the duty and the burden of choosing a path in life, so with me alone rests the blame or praise of having chosen the Church instead of the law. My father, as you know, is not a Catholic, and, therefore, the step I am taking seems as startling and as strange to him as I have no doubt it does to you, my dear sir. I go without his approval, sanction or consent; in fact, in direct opposition to his best wishes in my behalf. For he had formed other plans for me, which are now defeated, and had other hopes and expectations in my regard which are necessarily dashed to the ground. In conclusion, my dear sir, I have one request to make, and I make it not only to you but to all our friends and relations to whom you may see fit to show this letter or communicate its contents; it is this: Feeling painfully aware that I have grieved and

disappointed my father, I beg my friends and his, one and all, of whatever religion they may be, to spare him inquiries or comments of any sort, for I cannot help feeling that anything of the kind would be ill timed and inappropriate. Trusting to your delicacy and to theirs to appreciate my motive in this and to comply with a request so easily fulfilled, I remain with great respect,

Affectionately and sincerely yours,

*Thomas Ewing Sherman*

## POST-WAR ORIENT JOURNEY

FREDERICK J. KELLY, S.J.

Aboard the *Willamette Victory*
100 miles west of Kyushu, Japan
July 11, 1946.

Dear Brother in Christ: P. C.

Here goes for the long story of the voyage of the good ship *Willamette Victory*, named after Willamette University, of Salem, Oregon, "the oldest University in the West, founded 1842."

On June 13 we were told that we were to sail from the American President Lines pier in Jersey City, at eleven p.m. Father Masterson drove us to the pier where we got our first look at the ship that was to be our floating palace for the next five weeks. The thirty-six missionaries had been split into three groups; two groups to leave from San Francisco, and twelve of us from Jersey. Besides the seven Juniors, five Tertians were in our party—Fathers Hogan, Blewett, David, Banayad, and Maravilla.

We were told that we would sail at eleven p.m. but, when we arrived, we found that the captain was trying to get the ship out by eight-thirty to catch the tide. Also the fact that a nation-wide maritime strike was threatened for June 15 made the company anxious to get the ship underway. At 8:50 the plank was taken away and exactly at 9:00 the first perceptible motion was felt. We were off for the Missions at last.

In less than ten minutes we were in midstream and going full speed down the Hudson. The sun had just set and the last red glow cast a deceptive glory over the Jersey meadows. A thick cover of haze and smoke hovered over Manhattan and soon obscured the outlines of the individual buildings, so that the huge mass of steel and stone, with its lavish sprinkling of lights

looked like a big ant hill. Past the battery, Fort Hamilton and Brooklyn, the Statue of Liberty, near which we did two complete circles in midstream to check the compass, and then out to sea. We were all standing on the fantail 5-inch gun tub, which was now packed with sulphuric acid drums bound for Shanghai, watching the skyline of New York disappear into the sea. The last lights that were visible were the sodium lights of the Belt Parkway in Brooklyn, and finally the lights of Coney Island.

After cruising through the Atlantic and Caribbean Sea, we finally reached the Panama Canal, and entered the Gatun Lock at the Atlantic end of the Canal at 3:30. We left the Miraflores Lock on the Pacific side at exactly 11:30 p.m. When going through the middle of Pedro Miguel Lock, we listened to the Louis-Conn fight in the moonlight on the bow. A special crew of negro canal-workers came aboard to handle the ropes at the locks.. It was strange to hear them rejoicing loudly over Joe's victory. They all spoke in a clear Irish brogue. A few of us stayed up to see the ship safely into the Pacific. We were amply rewarded with one of the most interesting sights of the voyage. We were only in the open sea about ten minutes when we heard a series of loud splashes off the port bow. It turned out to be a troupe of porpoises, the clowns of the sea, who were going to run through their routine for us. At first they faced the ship for a mile or two, then they closed in on the ship and swam directly in front of it. It looked as if we would cut them in half, but they wheeled about and split up into two groups, one on each side of the ship. Then, two at a time, they would leap out of the water, grunt, execute a neat half roll and dive into the water with a loud, triumphant smack with their tail and come around for another approach. The rest of them were continually jockeying for position in front of the bow, actually swatting their tails against its knifelike edge. It was quite a sight; the moonlight made the porpoises look silvery, especially when they bared their white bellies

to the moon. The phosphorescent glow of the spray off the bow provided an appropriate stage lighting for the act. After about fifteen minutes they started dropping off and soon the last of the troupe disappeared behind the curtain of darkness. We soon turned in and when I set my alarm I realized that it was already 2:00 a.m. Our conquest of the Pacific had begun.

The last land we saw in the Western hemisphere was Cape San Lucas in Lower California. We crossed the Date Line at 5:30 a.m., on the morning after Wednesday, July 3. The captain didn't want to deprive the crew of the Fourth of July holiday, so he announced that we would skip Friday, the 5th, rather than Thursday, the 4th. We didn't want to skip the First Friday so when we got up on that morning we considered it Friday, July 5th. But when we got to breakfast, we decided that it was also Thursday as the captain had ordered, so we had ham for breakfast, turkey for lunch and steak for supper. Another point is that since we left Panama we have been setting the clocks back one-half hour each day, which gives us a twenty-four and-a-half hour day.

On July 11 at 5:30 a.m. I was walking forward to the midshiphouse when I saw the land of the Rising Sun coming up from the sea. We were thirty miles off the most southerly of the main homeland islands, Kuyushu. Our course took us within three miles of it by ten o'clock, and we could get a good look at it. The mountains rise sheer up out of the sea, and the whole aspect of the place was very rugged. We passed very close to several square rigged fishing smacks. When we waved to the Japs, they just sat and looked at us. Later we passed other smaller islets and between two perfectly conical mountains.

We plowed on at full speed into the China Sea in an effort to reach Shanghai at 9:30 a.m., July 12. As it turned out, we picked up the harbor pilot at 10:15 a.m. and were still able to profit by the "in" tide. It wasn't until 11:30 that we sighted land, the Chinese coast. Shanghai is fifty-five miles up the Yangtze Kiang and

then hard to port up the Wangpoo. From the looks of things, "The Good Earth" is leaving home. The Atlantic was deep blue. The Pacic off Central America was much shallower and light green. Later the Pacific took on the same color as the Atlantic. When I first saw the China Sea at 8:00 a.m. it was dull murky green. As we proceeded up stream the color kept getting browner until now we are riding at anchor at the entrance of the Wangpoo in a sea of mud. China is infiltrating on Japan. When we got up this far we found at least twenty Liberties, Victories, and a mixture of prewar "rustpots" waiting for dock space. It looks as if our fears of being stranded here for weeks might materialize. One estimate is one week, others say three. But we have one ray of hope in that this is now a privately-owned ship, while most of the others are still under the War Shipping Administration. The officers say that the American President Lines won't be content to let their ship lie idle, and so will probably pull some strings. We have a deck of crated Dodge cars and trucks, and a hold full of refrigerators and cigarettes for Shanghai. It would only take three or four days to unload, if we could get space. We have a general cargo for Manila consisting of acid, medicine, cotton goods, cigarettes, canned foods, and five tons of toothpicks.

When we were coming up the channel past the telltale masts of sunken Jap warships and freighters we passed another ship on the way out. As we passed her, both crews were lined up looking at each other in silence, with two notable exceptions. There were two men, dressed in white shirts, waving vigorously at us. We have reason to believe that they were two of Ours who had left for the Philippines from 'Frisco, for we heard later from the third mate that the pilot said there were Jesuits bound for Manila on the ship which he had brought down yesterday. We now have hopes of meeting some others of Ours who left from the West Coast in Shanghai. Also we will probably get out to our house at Zi-ka-wei.

A few minutes ago, I had to interrupt my typing to go on deck to watch one of the best sights of the voyage. About 150 yards off our starboard bow the *Atlantic Trader,* a Hog Islander from the last war, was anchored. She had been anchored there by the pilot, but her captain decided later that she was in a dangerous position and started to hoist the pick (anchor was the term we incorrectly used at St. Andrew's). She started to drift back toward us. In a short time she was out of hand and was dangerously close to our stern. All the time they were trying futilely to hoist her pick. She got under way a bit but soon was bearing down on us again. Then they lost control of her and she drifted in on our bow. At last she did what she was trying to do for an hour—she started nudging us. She was much smaller than our ship, only 4,000 tons, about 285 feet long. So she took the beating and we mashed in the railing and fore edge of her forecastle. She gradually swung around and came in broadside. The current was very swift and she had very little steam up, so when she came up close, our captain gave orders to tie her up to us. Then all hands looked into the situation. It was found that in drifting back, she had dragged her pick over our chain and fouled them up. That was why they couldn't hoist her pick. To complicate matters, an LCI that Uncle Sam gave to the Chinese for harbor patrol was adrift with no lights and coming full at both of us. It looked for a while as if we were going to have a real party, but she drifted past us with fifty yards to spare. After the *Trader* dropped her pick, she backed away with a few parting nudges. There was no love lost between our men and her Australian crew. Our captain, in deference to one of Ours who was standing next to him, restrained himself and merely called the other captain a plow jockey. As she disappeared in the haze, our lads all thought, "good riddance." We expect to go up the river at 6:00 a.m. tomorrow, according to the latest, straight from Captain Brady.

So we have come to the end of the second leg of our

voyage. If we ever clear Shanghai, it will be four days due south to Manila and philosophy at Novaliches. We are already one month late, for classes in the Islands are from about June 15 to March 15. Though there were rumors of classes in philosophy on the way over, the best we have had were a few short classes in Tagalog grammar, since Tagalog was declared the National Language in 1940. Father Banayad is the teacher.

* * *

I finished the last edition of this epic in the Woosung anchorage at the junction of the Yangtze Kiang and the Wangpoo rivers as the moon was rising on the waters with China across the bay. The *Atlantic Trader* fiasco was an unhappy memory and spirits were at an all-time low because now we were just one of twenty-six ships in the anchorage awaiting dock space at Shanghai, eighteen miles further up the Wangpoo. Some of the ships had been waiting three weeks already. With the assurance that we were going upstream at dawn, I turned in for the night.

At 6:00 a.m. I was dressing when the old familiar throb of the engines gave an indication that we were underway. I went to Mass immediately so that I could hurry on deck to watch the show. The river was broad and muddy, with gaudily painted junks and sampans thickly crowded on each bank. As we advanced upstream the junks became fewer. We were soon introduced to an old Chinese institution, the water taxi. It was now about 7:30 a.m. and all of Shanghai's 5,000,000 people were waiting to cross in the innumerable scows that plied back and forth. As we came closer to the city we could see how crowded the harbor really was. Ships were lined up solid on both sides, sometimes double, with a solid line of ships moored in midstream. We steamed past the Bund which is the business and diplomatic center of the city, where the old French and British concessions met. Then we passed the area reserved for Naval craft. There was one lone French destroyer and the

rest of the area was packed with ships flying the Stars and Stripes, from the Heavy Cruiser *Los Angeles,* to every LCI, LST, LCM, etc., that was ever turned out. The Chinese are building up a navy with ships donated by the United States and they were scattered about the harbor. It wasn't until we were five miles up past the Bund that we docked, next to the *President Taft.* It was 9:30 when we docked and since the first launch to town was at 11:00, we started to get dressed. Our launch was a broken-down tug but it served the purpose. None of us knew what we were in for when we started on our tour of Shanghai. The wharf at the Bund was crowded with sampans, landing craft, old tugs and what-not but that didn't phase our fearless pilot. He introduced us to an old Chinese custom. He merely tied up at the outermost barge and let us shift for ourselves from there. We had to climb through, over, under, around and between eight different craft before we were on the dock

My first impression as I climbed up the wharf to the main street was that all of China's 486,000,000 people were in Shanghai for a Chinese convention. The place was mobbed with people of every description, class and variety. Coolies carrying heavy crates slung from bamboo poles, white-collar men in silk smocks that reach to the ankles (white, grey and black were the most popular colors this season), native women of every class dressed either in trousers or silk smocks, high at the neck and reaching to the ankles, kids of every age always in the way. Everything is sold on the street; hot tea, drinking water, cookies and cakes, American matches (after trying to light a Chinese match I know why there is a large market for American brands), American cigarettes, socks, candy, magazines, etc. Every time you turn around there is a mob of rickshaw and pedicab men offering their services. Of course there is a great number of foreign men and women on the streets, and many native men wore Western clothes, but the coolest by far seemed to be the native men in the silk smocks.

Father Hogan and Father Banayad were going over to the American President Line office to inquire about the approximate date of sailing, so the five scholastics who had come to town, Fitzpatrick, Grosso, Carroll, Wieman and Kelly, started to push their way through the mass of seething humanity to the nearest hotel, since a couple of us were going to spend the night ashore. The first one we hit was the Cathay Hotel which turned out to be the best in town. Rooms were out of question and we were assured that the situation was the same all over. The UNRRA had taken over two big hotels and the Navy had two more. We were glad that there were no rooms because we overheard a man paying his bill. I don't know how long he had been there but his bill was $1,700,000. That was our introduction to the Chinese inflation. The sequel to that introduction fills out the next chapter of our saga.

It was noon. We were hungry. We didn't know where to go. The only one we knew in Shanghai so far was the clerk who just refused us rooms. He looked like a decent fellow. We trusted him. When we asked for a good place to eat, he directed us to the dining room on the eighth floor. That was our first big mistake. The atmosphere was pleasant, the waiters came in droves, the food was fair (American food worked over by Chinese cooks), the bill was terrific! In the course of the meal a small white card was placed on the table: "Today's exchange rate is $2,500. CNC to $1.00 U. S." (CNC is Chinese National Currency.) Our bill for five light lunches was $37,686.00 CNC. We then learned why Shanghai is called the *City of Tips.* Every one is there with his hand out and they growl at less than $500. It cost us nineteen good US dollars to get out of that place. Is it any wonder why we did most of our sleeping and eating aboard the ship thenceforth during our stopover? Talk about your chinese bandits! They wear white coats in Shanghai.

Our next move was to stroll along the Bund looking for a Post Office. We fortunately came upon a U. S. Army Post Office and entered. From that point on, we

found that the cheapest, most pleasant and most efficient way to do things was through the U. S. Army or Navy. The lowest bus or trolley fare is $200 CNC. The Army runs bus lines all over town for the military and US civilians free of charge. Chinese merchants don't have fixed prices; "You say how much" is their usual way of starting a proposition. Then you dicker with him for half-hour and he skins you anyway. The military PX sells things at the value of the article in the States or less. It was after talking to a soldier in the Army Post Office that we got on to all the tricks of how to get around in Shanghai.

The same soldier directed us to a Jesuit church in that neighborhood so we spent the afternoon there. It was the Sacred Heart parish with four Fathers attached to it. The superior was Father Farmer, an American from Georgia who worked as a Protestant missionary in China for ten years, was converted, went to France to join the Society, and has been in Shanghai as a priest for over twenty-five years. He was able to explain much about the city and the nation.

One thing everyone will admit is that the Chinese have failed to prove their ability to run a large city like Shanghai. The traffic is eternally in a mess, despite one or two armed policemen on every corner. (To be a cop seems to be the best racket in town.) The black market is completely wide open. The cause of the inflation was the American soldiers and sailors with lots of US money. Shanghai which used to be the cheapest city in the world to live in is now the most expensive. Though CNC is worthless, US dollars don't get you very far either. A two-room apartment is $500 US per month. Nobody will do anything for less than a dollar. A rickshaw man would haul you all afternoon for 50c before, but now he starts quoting prices at $2 or $3. The way most of the religious houses in town are getting by is with the aid of the British (and they emphasize that it is not the American) Red Cross which bought up several warehouses full of American Red Cross packages that the Japs never delivered. The

British gave those packages away very lavishly and the various religious houses are stocked for a year or so.

We also met two Spanish and one Chinese Jesuit priests who are stationed at the parish. Father MacGoldrich the superior of all the Columban Fathers in China stopped in to visit Father Farmer so we chatted with him for a half-hour. Then Brother John from the Marist Brothers high school across the street came over and insisted that we go over to see the school and meet the community. It is called the College of St. Francis Xavier and was founded by French Jesuits in 1847. About 1903, the Marists took it over because the Jesuits were not able to staff it at that time. They really had a fine spirit in their cosmopolitan community. The brothers came from Ireland, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Spain and China. All of the brothers had long records; most had been in China more than twenty years. One Swiss had been in China forty-six years. We had to leave in a hurry to catch the 5:30 launch back to the ship. It was necessary to repeat the same wild scramble over junks and tugs to get out to the launch. A few of the men were disturbed when one of the intermediate junks pulled back with us aboard, but much shouting and gnashing of teeth convinced the culprit that his move wasn't according to Hoyle so he moved close enough to the next tug to allow us to jump the gap. Such a thing became matter of course after while.

The next day was Sunday, July 14. I spent the morning resting up after a hard day. Since there was a Chinese Village within a half mile from our wharf, Justus and I decided to investigate it. The rest of the men preferred to watch the unloading of the deck cargo onto lighters that were drawn up alonside of us. So Justus and I armed ourselves with a cigar box full of sandwiches and stuffed our pockets with small packages of Kellogs *All Bran* from the ship's pantry and set off. Most of the coolies that work on the President Line's dock came from that village so it was

pretty prosperous on the native scale of values. The first kid that spotted us yelled "Hiya Joe" and came running with his hand out. "Hey Joe, chow chow, chow chow" (That *chow* by the way isn't a Chinese word. They think that it is the American name for food since all the GIs use it.) Since the kid was fat enough, and in order to prevent a general bedlam, we held on to our box and continued to walk through what turned out to be a typical native village.

The description of this one holds for all of them in this section at least. This area is known as "Clean China" because of its cleanliness, but it is anything but! We pushed on down the main street with one, then two, then ten, and finally about twenty kids of both sexes, all ages and colors swarming around us, with their hands out yelling the same old cry. On top of that there were the shouts in the local dialect of the first kid that spotted us, trying to drive off the rest on the grounds that we were his catch, but his efforts were futile. One boy of seven carried his year-old sister piggy back for at least a mile. Another tot had a baby in her arms that was incredibly tiny and couldn't have been more than three months old.

The main street was too narrow for a car and the crowned stone pavement was laid when Confucius was a boy. The filth was general but, after all, this is China. The part worth writing about is the people. Once you realize that they aren't hidebound by a lot of snobbish social customs that require strangers in the States to pass one another in disdainful silence, you can get along fine with the people. We noticed that they all enjoyed the sight of the kids tagging after us so we started to say "hello" to any promising character that we met. They would nod and smile so that soon we felt perfectly at home.

Then we got up enough nerve to stop and watch the people at work. We could see how they were practically self sufficient as far as manufactured products were concerned. It must have been something like that in Medieval Europe. One man wove bamboo mats

that serve as beds, fences, walls of houses and what not; another was doing a very fine job of shoemaking with fancy silk uppers and leather soles, a blacksmith was pounding out sturdy hoes and cultivators. In the woodworking section of the town one lad was turning out highly finished pails and buckets of various sizes and shapes from rough logs. The coffin maker was doing a land office business. Women were sewing and knitting, spinning thread on very crude wheels, or giving the latest arrival his bath in the middle of the street. The shipyards along the stream were also booming, turning out new models in both the heavy and light sampan line, or doing skillful repair and patch jobs on broken-down boats. The finished product, all hand made by an individual craftsman, was something to behold.

Of course there was the usual run of grocery stores and market (though their wares didn't appear too appetizing to the western eye, especially in the fish market where the stuff was beyond description since ice and refrigeration are unheard of), bakeries, candy stores, taverns and gin mills with the usual bar-flies. The barber shop stood out like a sore thumb; it had real swinging chairs, large wall mirror, an impressive array of colored bottles and even a couple of genuine "Drug Store Cowboys." All of the boys wear their hair close clipped in a cueball style, but the men in the upper classes are very particular about their hair. Throughout the town the majority of the people seemed to be occupied, though the pace of activity was very slow. They were not interested in mass-production. There was no rush about anything—tomorrow is another day.

We had passed through the town and a short way beyond but still had a large following of persistent kids. Nobody looked underfed so we didn't want to break out our box and yet we had to get the kids back home. We found our deliverer in the guise of a cargo checker for UNRRA. He spoke a few words of English so I asked him how to say, "Go Home" in Chinese. To make an impression on us he proceeded to let loose a

stream of lingo at the kids and the eager smile left their faces. We put a quick stop to him and found that the word we were interested in was *Bokay, Bokay.* So Justius produced a roll of Life-savers and split them up. *Bokay* then failed to have much effect but a resounding *"Scram"* convinced the kids that they shouldn't follow us further. All of the people that were passing in and out of the village got a big kick out of our efforts to lose our guard of honor.

We proceeded on into the country and found out at first hand that the Yangtze valley is rich country. The farms were all small and the crops were planted in fields as small as 20x20 yards. There wasn't much land wasted on boundaries or woodland, but there was a terrific land waste on cemeteries. The dead are buried above ground, at what appears to be no particular spot, in the fields. Sometimes the coffin bound in rice straw is merely set on the ground. More frequently it is covered by a six or seven foot mound of earth. The highest type seems to be a miniature brick house with a tile roof built around the coffin. The crops in this neighborhood were rice, corn and beans.

We were walking along a rutty country road when we heard a steam whistle and saw an old narrow-gauge railroad train in the distance. Then and there it became our ambition to take a ride on it, especially when we heard that at the end of the twelve-mile line there was a central Catholic mission for several mission stations in the district. However, we were never able to ride it. We were going further into the country toward the southeast, when we spotted a Church steeple on the horizon. What could be better than that we investigate? It turned out to be a hot dusty road for the five miles to the church but our spirits were high with the enthusiasm of explorers.

In order to reach the church we had to pass through another village similar to the one near the dock, though the streets in this second town were narrower, damper and darker. The church, solidly constructed of brick, was situated in the center of a circle of buildings apart

from the village itself. We could not find the entrance so we went to one of the houses. Once the lady of the house realized from our signs and motions what we wanted, she sent her seven-year old son to open the gate. We knew that we were being watched so we went through all of the formalities of a visit, though the Blessed Sacrament wasn't preserved there. It was Sunday and yet there was no indication that Mass had been celebrated that day so we knew that no priest was resident there. When we came out the lady had a bench set out for us and was anxious for us to sit down. She soon produced two cups of warm tea which were most welcome and soon more kids started to gather around us.

The group continued to grow until it included four women, seven children and the husband of our hostess, a man of about thirty-five. The whole group was well dressed and clean, and the children were quiet and obedient, so we were obviously the guests of a fairly prosperous family. The children all wore medals and knew what my rosary was. After we finished our tea we were presented with a cold cucumber which the lady had peeled for us. The language barrier between us was complete, and the only idea that we were able to get across was: "How long until the priest comes?" They counted out 40 days on their fingers. We found out later that this district was divided into about twelve mission stations around one central control residence. The Chinese diocesan clergy had this district. Finally we asked for a pencil and paper, and wrote a short note in Latin to the priest to which we pinned a $5.00 donation. After distributing candy to all the youngsters, we started home with a very fine impression of the first Catholic Chinese family that we had met.

We felt still more at home with the natives from that point on. The road home was longer, dustier and hotter, so that we arrived back at our floating palace at 5:00 p.m. in a rather beaten, sunburned condition, but it was a day well spent. Unfortunately I didn't have

any camera with me so that I missed a fine chance for interesting pictures. We learned that there had been an hour's strike by the stevedores during the afternoon to protest the firing of one of their gang who had been caught stealing. The Captain had orders to fire the first man caught in order to make an example of him. Pilferage is very high in Shanghai. A directive from the company required the captain to hire five men to do nothing but watch the native stevedores. Those guards wore a white armband with "A.P.L.—Watcher" on it. The directive further required that five men be hired to watch the watchers. That gang wore blue armbands with "A.P.L.—Special Watcher" on them. The directive went on to say that a reliable crewman was to be in each of the five cargo holds to watch the Special Watchers.

One of the Special Watchers was a real pest. He thought that his job included watching the passengers play cards so he barged into our cabin. We knew that he understood a few words of English so the lads started to talk Latin. We froze him out and he soon left. But then he was only using the Chinaman's prerogative of watching and listening to anything that goes on in the world. Because they have no scruples about privacy, anybody can put his two cents in any affair. If a couple of people talk on the street or if you buy something or dicker with a cabbie over the price, anybody can stop and suggest a few pros and cons. The other day three of us were dickering with a man in a sampan to ferry us across the river. He started off at $1.00 per man, but I said 50c. Soon a whole mob, from wharf superintendent to the coolies who were resting, started to abuse the robber for his stubbornness and he replied just as lustily with his own side of the case. But it was he against the world so he yielded and took us across.

The next day we all stayed home because the ship was to be moved to another wharf. When we were tied to the *Taft* we could only discharge cargo onto lighters but when we had our own pier we could discharge on

both sides. In the evening we had a song fest on the deck as the moon came up full over the rice paddies and the radio blared out with news of the preparations the Communists were making for their attack on Nanking and Shanghai and their drive to capture the northern mouth of the Yangtze River.

On July 16, we caught the eleven o'clock launch to go over to the Army PX to do some shopping. What I was interested in mostly was film, but the White Russian clerk (Shanghai is full of them) gave me a hard time because I didn't have a ration book. A young lieutenant saw that we had been refused so he volunteered his ration book which he never used and when he had bought the quota of his card he got a card from his buddie and got a couple more rolls for me. They were both American Transport Command boys who had just recently been assigned to the Manila-Shanghai-Tokyo run. When they found out that we were going to Manila they offered to try to get us tickets on a plane to Manila on the following Friday. That plane, they said, had two empty seats. We refused with reluctance.

About 12:30 we were walking down Nanking Road when we were stopped by a little Chinese "lad" who appeared to be eighteen but turned out to be twenty-eight. He asked us this series of questions in perfect English. "Are you Catholic priests? Are you American or Canadian? Are you going to Hongkong or Manilla? Are you Jesuits? What province are you from?' After getting the answers to those questions he introduced himself and told us his story. He was John Tse, had been born in Shanghai, attended the high school of the Irish and Canadian Jesuits at Hongkong, had entered the novitiate of the Society at Novaliches and had stayed there for sixteen months. He was at present working as an insurance agent, foreign language clerk for a trading firm and was teaching English on the side. He offered to help us in any way he could so we had him take us to one of the all-too-numerous money changers so that we wouldn't be scalped. He

did that and explained the tricks of Chinese money to us. There are three types of currency in circulation. CNC is the new government issue. The official rate of exchange is 2,200/1 US. The black market rate is 2,500/1. Then there is Chinese Custom currency in circulation. This is almost as good as US currency and is worth twenty times its face value. Thirdly there are notes issued by the Bank of China that aren't worth the paper they are printed on. To show how worthless they are, I was walking back from one of the villages the other night and was followed by a lad of no more than six who was carrying a basket of greens down to the river to wash them. When he saw me he held out his hand and said "money Joe." The only thing that I had was a Bank of China five-dollar bill that I got in a wad of change. When I offered that to the boy, he became insulted, turned up his nose and waved it away in disgust. Then he walked on in silence. I had lost a potential friend. John told us to accept only brand new CNC or Custom notes and to watch the US bills because there were a lot of counterfeit ones around. After we got some money changed, John had to go teach a couple of private students an English lesson, but he made a date with us for the next afternoon to show us some of Shanghai. We proceeded to go to Christ the King parish in the old French Concession where four California Jesuits were stationed. We had a nice visit with them for about two and a half hours and caught the 5:30 launch back to the ship.

On the 17th we missed the 11:00 launch so we ferried across the river and walked four miles through the native slums to the Bund. We met John who took us to a good but reasonable restaurant, then to a Buddist temple which was heavy with smoking punk, later to the Mandarin Room of the Pacific Hotel which is the favorite place for weddings among the modern, irreligious Chinese. Then John dickered with a pedicab man for a trip across town to the Aurora University. A pedicab is a rickshaw that is pulled by

a man on a bicycle rather than by foot. The ride cost us $1,000 CNC but if we were alone it would have gone for $2.50 U.S. Aurora is run by the French Jesuits who have built up a very influential school in forty-two years. They have over 2,000 students, mostly in medicine, law and engineering. Father Minister showed us around the school but, since we were there for only about an hour and a half, we didn't meet any of the Fathers of the community. We came back on the native trolley which was quite an experience. The ticket taker has a large mail bag into which he stuffs the money by the handful. All Chinese, by the way, spend all of their spare time counting up their rolls of bills. Since most of the coolies don't seem to have pockets, they wet their lip and stick the tissue paper trolley ticket them. It looked strange at first, but then, "why not?" Before we caught the launch, we made a date for supper with John for the next night.

On July 18th we caught the early launch so that we could do some shopping before we went to our community at Zi-ka-wei for dinner. The plan was to stay there over night so that we could go to supper with John and wouldn't have to worry about catching any launch. An Army bus took us direct to Zi-ka-wei, which is situated at the southwest corner of town. The bus went about five blocks beyond the end of the route and delivered us right to the door. We entered the refectory just after the community sat down. The room was very dark and the air was circulated by means of hand-pulled sweeps attached to the ceiling. Probably some novice had the job of ventilation senior. I sat next to Father Woong, the Socius to the Master of Novices. He started off, as they all do over here, by apologizing for the fact that he spoke English so poorly and then proceeded to give a very good account of himself as far as mastery of English was concerned. From him I learned that there were novices, juniors, regents, theologians, and tertians all in the same house. The philosophers do their studies at Peiping.

Connected with the main community in the mission compound were a major seminary for the secular

clergy, St. Ignatius High School with 1500 boys, the theologate for the French Mission, the Cathedral, and the Jesuit Bishop's residence, and a large boys' and girls' orphanage. We visited all of those places during our stay there. The orphanage was by far the most interesting of the group. They have about 250 children in each. The girls do expert needlework, and the boys have an opportunity to learn woodcarving, painting stained glass work, foundry and machine shopwork, printing and cabinet making. They are paid a small amount for the work they produce and this money is saved until they become of age. By that time they have enough to get married and get started in life. Jesuit brothers do all of the teaching in the boys' part. I neglected to mention the weather observatory that is also connected with the compound at Zi-ka-wei. We spent more than an hour going through it. The old Italian Jesuit who runs it is known as the "Father of the Typhoons" because of his skill in predicting them. He foresaw by 24 hours the terrific typhoon that hit Okinawa during the invasion. The Army and Navy disagreed with him, much to their regret. Several months later Father said a blow would hit Shanghai, but the Army said it would hit Okinawa, so they moved several squadrons of aircraft to Shanghai. Just as the last plane was landing the wind started to sweep Shanghai and destroyed all of the planes. Needless to say, the Army is now working in close cooperation with the Zi-ka-wei observatory.

Six of us had come over for dinner but only four of us were to stay overnight. Fr. David, Jack Carroll, Justus and I. Jack preferred to eat supper with the community, so Just and I started out at 5:30 for our dinner engagement. The doors were locked at 9:00 p.m., so we had to get back early. We met John at the Pacific Hotel and he took us to the dining room on the eighth floor. We had a table next to the window so that we had a commanding view of the city. John knew the chef, the headwaiter and all the waitresses, so that everything was perfect. We told him that we would go all the way for Chinese food,

so he did the ordering. We ate Chinese style, chopsticks and all. The food was delicious but I can't say much for the chopsticks. I could have done better with my bare fingers. A nice Chinese custom is that at the beginning of the meal the waitress brings around a damp, scented face cloth with which you wash your hands and wipe your face. There were no appetizers or desserts but the meal was solid eating from beginning to end. We started off with scrambled eggs and shrimp, then strips of sirloin and baked tomatoes, next sweet and sour pork (a very fine dish) topped off with melon and ham soup. Of course there was the ever-present boiled rice, and soy bean sauce was used in place of salt. No bread or the like was served. Each course was finished before the next was served. Boiling hot tea would have been proper but we had green plum wine instead. The atmosphere and service were perfect. The bill, $10.00 U.S. for three.

When we arrived back at the house at 8:30 we were met by Jack who told us that the Minister had planned a trip for the three of us for the next day. We were to travel inland to the theologians villa at Zo-se, eighteen miles as the crow flies, but about twenty-eight by the route we would have to take.

At 5:00 a.m., we were roused out by innumerable bells. The drawback of living in the compound was that each of the communities attached to it had its own bell and they all rang out at once. During meditation I heard a group of the orphans singing hymns to Our Lady in the square in front of their school. It was all singsong but very pleasant. Mass was at 6:30 and then breakfast "European Style" which means bread and coffee. At about 8:15 we went back to visit the shops of the orphanage and it wasn't until 10:00 that our trip started.

We were accompanied by three Fathers who were visiting Zi-ka-wei. Father Damboriana was from the Province of Castile in Spain. He had spent two years on the Bombay mission and so he knew English perfectly. He had been in China eight years and is at present Professor of Ecclesiastical and Chinese History

at the Regional Seminary for secular priests. He is doing library research at Shanghai for the summer. Father Bugnicourt from the Province of Paris has been in China twelve years and has a country mission somewhere in the interior. Father de Baschor of the Province of Paris has been in China fourteen years and has a mission in Communist-occupied territory. He amazed me with his attitude toward the Commies. I guess I expected him to breathe forth fire and brimstone at the very mention of them but he did no such thing. He told me how the Commies work. They send a couple of advance agents into a town who become very popular with the poor and tell them what fine people the Communists are. In the meantime the agents get the complete story on everybody; who is rich or poor, who is good or bad, who likes what and why. Then when the army and commissars move in, their first move is to kill off all the bandits which makes them very popular. Pretty soon they are strong enough to reward the good men and punish the bad men, but then they start working on those who don't like them and orders start coming out. "The Government orders that—etc." and the pressure is on. They haven't bothered Father as yet but he knows that the day will come when they will come to him and say: "You are a good man. We like you very much. But we are sorry, we have orders to kill you. So sorry." Father told me about the Commies at the community recreation the day before. At that time we met men from the nine provinces represented at Zi-ka-wei. It is really a cosmopolitan community.

So we started out on our journey. Two of the Fathers and ourselves walked the first leg of the trip on the hot cobblestone pavement. We went about a mile beyond the compound to a crossroads where we were to get a native taxi to take us over the next leg. Father de Bascher rode ahead of us on his bicycle in the terrific heat and dust.

The taxi took us about eight miles inland over a typical Chinese road, dusty unpaved, rutty and crooked, to the town of Ts'ih Pao where we were to get a

launch that would take us via canal to our destination. A country taxi is a unique institution. The cars range from a broken down '27 Model A Ford to broken down '42 Buicks. We were fortunate in happening upon a '39 Studebaker. "The more the merrier" is the motto so that the usual complement of the taxi is four in the front, eight in the rear and four on the running boards. Our car only had nine passengers so that we rode in style.

Our journey took us through some of the richest rice country of China, and every square foot of it has been planted in rice. That, besides chickens which are always in abundance, is the year-round food. In this section the ancestral tombs took up even more ground space. We saw a few that had been partially destroyed and learned that if a family happens to lose its land the new tenant has no scruples about leveling off the old tombs on it.

We walked through the town to the local mission rectory for lunch. On the way we were stopped by three native soldiers who insisted on giving us shots for cholera but when Father Damboriana laced into them in his best Chinese and told them that we were American citizens, they bowed and let us pass. As we passed the local coffin shop the Fathers took us in to look at the coffins. They are all according to the same pattern, tapering toward the head with a curving flare-out on all edges at that end. Some were made of highly polished teak and camphor wood and richly hand-carved; others were simple unpainted "pine boxes." The reason that the coffin maker does such a thriving business is that each man buys his own coffin before he dies. He is never really happy until he has bought his box and usually his life savings are lavished on it. Once he has his coffin and a set of better clothes than he ever wore in his life prepared, he can sit back and look forward to a happy death.

Another profitable business is the making of paper coils of "money for heaven." The Buddhist hell is a place of only temporary punishment where the victim passes from one judge to another for different tortures.

Since graft or "squeeze" is the order of the day in life, the Chinese logically figure that if the dead person is well heeled with this gold and silver painted paper he will be able to get around the judges easier.

Upon arrival at the rectory we found that the priest was out in one of the mission stations so the housekeeper let us in. We had brought our own picnic lunch so we fared well. We had plenty of fresh tomatoes, hard boiled eggs, oranges, bread, canned butter, cheese and jam. The housekeeper provided barley tea. Since I wasn't sure when I would eat again and on the assumption that supper at the villa would be "European Style" which means little or nothing I ate a hardy meal. We then made a visit in the well built and nicely decorated church and walked to the canal to catch a launch for the final leg of the trip.

The launch was a pleasant surprise. It was a regular medium-sized river sampan about thirty feet long and six feet wide, provided with curved, woven bamboo sun shades. The best part of it was the inboard Model T engine that worked like a charm and pushed the boat along at about five knots. The passengers compartment accommodated about thirty-six and there was a little room left over for the crew of seven. The captain called for customers with a loud blast on a silver trumpet that echoed across the rice paddies and reminded one of a fox hunt. He gave his orders to his chief engineer, a lad of seventeen who looked twelve, by means of two hand-pulled bells which gave a genuine nautical atmosphere to the engine compartment. The five of us were piled in with a wide assortment of natives who were all very pleasant and curious about the foreigners.

We followed the winding canal system into the interior. At about every hundred yards there would be one of those water-buffalo-powered water lifts that would bring the water up about three feet to the level of the rice fields. Usually there would be a little boy there to make sure that the blindfolded animal kept going around and around. The best I saw was a boy lying supine on the turntable getting a free *merry go*

*round* ride as he tapped the buffalo with his stick. Occasionally we would see some poor lad working a small lift with his feet as he leaned on a cross bar. There were also some wind-driven lifts but no breeze was stirring that day. At the half-way point we stopped at the town of Se Kieng for fifteen minutes. It was a very prosperous village, with clean, airy streets wide enough for cars to pass. The people were clean and well-dressed and there was the usual large supply of kids. The best sight in the town was a shop with three large platters of human teeth on display. Father said that was the local dentist's way of advertising how many people had intrusted their dental problems to him. It was a good proof of the finality of his cures.

As we got under way again we passed under several high arched bridges that were constructed out of smoothly cut stone blocks about 1 x 3 x 3 ft. If one were to ask a native how old the bridges were he would say "10,000 years," which is the Chinese way of saying very old. As it is, they are probably well over 1,000 years old, anyway. As we left the town, the hills of Zo-Se came into view. Three hills rise straight up out of the flat plain to the height of about 1,000 feet. On the top of the center hill there is a huge basilica dedicated to Our Lady, next to which is the astronomical department of the Zi-ka-wei observatory. The theologians' villa is about half-way up the hill. After about three and a half hours in the launch we disembarked and started the trek to the villa, about one mile from the canal, and then up five hundred feet. When we arrived we were given a cup of boiling water to slake our thirst. Father Chevetrier, the Minister of the Theologate and Superior of the villa gave us a gracious welcome and provided us with clean Chinese shirts which made us look like waiters or barbers. Then we had haustus (the Chinese call it *refrigeratio*) on the remains of our picnic lunch plus hot tea. It really does refresh you.

The basilica is really astounding. There in the midst of "Pagan China" is the massive, brick, Gothic-style church on top of the highest hill on a broad plain.

What is it doing there? In 1870 there was a big persecution in the Shanghai area that threatened to destroy the entire mission. The Superior vowed to build a place of pilgrimage on Zo-Se if the mission was spared. The persecution stopped shortly and the old church was built soon after. In about 1930 the present basilica was started and in 1939 it was completed. The cost was only $300,000.00 with coolie labor. The stained glass windows are being made at the orphanage at Zi-ka-wei where the stations, benches and paintings were made. During the month of May there are 6,000 communions a day. Whole parishes make the pilgrimage from all over China.

After climbing the steeple to get the view of the whole valley, we visited the observatory and then had to hustle down for supper. At supper we met the theologians for the first time. There were about twenty natives and five Frenchmen. There have been no Americans since before the war, but a group of California men are coming over this summer. Most of the men spoke a little English and a few did very well at it. Supper was going fine. I was getting along well with all the men around me and doing justice to the rice and black stew that was the main meal. The refectory was rather dark so that I couldn't see too well what was in the stew. But it tasted very good and even after one of the lads leaned over and said "Snakes" I managed to get a mouthful or two down.

During the two hours of recreation after supper I talked with two men who had just finished first year theology. Their English was fair but much better than my Chinese, all six words of it. They, like all the rest of the Chinese, were anxious to learn English, so I enjoyed helping them. When we were stuck we could switch to Latin and get along with that.

They seemed to be very happy about the fact that they were learning to swim in the canal. One of the men from the North knew how to swim and had been teaching the rest of them. My two companions told me that their parents would never allow them to swim or play hard games as American boys do. Father

Bugnicourt told me about the Chinese attitude toward sports. It goes back to the old idea of Confucius that a man who is learned cannot do any manual work or hard playing because it is beneath him. He is supposed to sit around all day and discuss deep things and give off wise sayings. Father Dumas, the Minister at Aurora University told me that it is very hard to get the students to play competitive sports because they are very sensitive about *losing face* if they should lose. When I asked them about the Communists they said that they couldn't express themselves well enough in English so we switched to Latin and stayed on that subject until bedtime at 10:00.

We left the villa at 7:30 a.m. and took a shortcut through a rice paddie to catch the launch for Shanghai at 8:00. It was the same boat and we were back at Zi-ka-wei at 11:30. Our entire trip cost us only $3,500 CNC or less than $1.50 per man. Prices are better away from Shanghai. While we waited for the taxi, the three of us were watching a girl do some fancy needlework in front of her house. One of the Fathers came over and said "It is all right for you to watch her, but the natives will probably think that you are interested in buying the girl for your wife." We moved away quickly.

The dinner at Zi-ka-wei was in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance of the Bishop into the Society. The meal was very good and the program was much the same as it would be in the States on such an occasion. But the numerous speeches in French were unending for me whose French is limited to *Merci beaucoup* and *c'est la Guerre.* To top that off, I was sitting next to a *primi* novice who was bashful, and understood no English and very little of my brand of Latin.

The derivation of that name may be of interest. Zi-ka-wei is the mission compound at the southwestern corner of Shanghai. The property originally belonged to a man by the name of Zi who was the first convert of the first Jesuit in China, Father Ricci, back around 1600. The tomb of Mr. Zi is on the property.

Ka means street and then is stretched to mean village, while Wei means winding. So the name means *Mr. Zi's winding village.*

We left there about 3:00 and went down to the Navy pier to get a launch out to the cruiser Los Angeles. The Protestant chaplain, Mr. Jones, treated us very well and showed us around the ship. She is less than a year old. We had to leave by 5:00 to catch our launch which meant that we couldn't stay to meet a Maryknoller of twenty years experience in China who was coming aboard to say the Sunday Mass. We were sorry to miss him.

On Thursday the second real passenger liner to come to Shanghai since V-J Day arrived. The *General Gordon* had 1200 people aboard. She was a beautiful ship but when we learned that ten Redemptorists bound for India were crowded into a small cabin with one porthole, plus a sixteen year old boy and an old man, our appreciation of our Navy gunners' quarters on the *Williamette Victory* went up 100 per cent.

At 10:20 a.m. on Friday, July 26, we saw the best sight of the fourteen days at Shanghai; our ship started to move away from the wharf. We were off for Manila at last. At present we are about two miles west of the Bataan Peninsula and in less than an hour will be turning into Manila Bay. The three-day run down here has been uneventful except for a delay in the channel between Formosa and China from 2:00-5:30 a.m. on Sunday. It was foggy so we anchored until it cleared. The rocks were only 15 feet below the keel so the captain didn't want to take any chance. When Luzon broke out of the fog at 6:30 this morning, it was as welcome a sight as Esopus Island after a long row against wind, current and tide on the Hudson. It has been a long voyage—home.

# FRENCH JESUITS IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

CLIFFORD M. LEWIS, S. J.

(*Concluded from last issue*)

## Father de Bonnecamps' Second Visit to Pennsylvania

The occasion of Father de Bonnécamps' second trip to Pennsylvania was his capacity as scientific observer and chaplain to an expedition headed by Péan charged with delivery of supplies to the Allegheny frontier forts and to the western posts of Detroit and Michillmackinak. One of his assignments was to assist de Léry in making a detailed study of the southern shoreline of Lake Erie, marked *inconnu* on de Bonnécamps' map of 1749.

On April 22 de Léry left Quebec commanding a detachment of 120 militiamen in eight boats. "M. Forget du Verger, priest of the Seminary of Foreign Missions," he writes, "embarked with me. He was on his way to the Illinois missions where he was going this year. He acted as chaplain along the way as far as Montreal." De Léry left Montreal on May 2. At Lachine he took charge of a brigade of twenty-four soldiers, a sergeant, sixty militiamen, twelve bark canoes of eight men each, and three hundred and sixty pieces of freight divided among the canoes, provisions, for the nearly starved garrisons of Western Pennsylvania. At about the same time similar brigades embarked under the leadership of Montigny and Péan. We do not know with which brigades de Bonnécamps and du Verger were associated, but they must have been in one of the parties, for de Léry lists them along with the officers at Chautauqua Lake as of June 30.

On May 20 as the French neared Ft. Oswego they held their guns in readiness. They passed in front of the enemy fortress with flags flying and drums beating, upon which the English ran up their own colors. Three days later as they neared the end of Lake Ontario their

gun salute was returned by French-held Fort Niagara in a display of fireworks. On June 9 they arrived at Chautauqua, where de Léry was occupied chiefly with supplies and carrying out many of the duties of Péan, who was ill most of the time.

When it came time to send his men to Presqu' Isle on July 14, de Léry states that "M. Forget du Verger, priest, remained to serve as chaplain to twenty invalids, whom I was to send off the next day." The following day the sick men were taken to Presqu' Isle, and Father du Verger followed in a canoe.

Very early in the morning of July 30 a party of 285 men under Péan, St. Martin, de Léry, and St. Ours set out for Detroit in canoes equipped with sails. We know very little about the activities of the priests except that Father de Bonnécamps took a bearing of 41 deg. 24 min. 54 sec. at Sandusky, which had once been a French Trading Post. De Léry's notebook contains a sketch of the bay and shore-line here, showing both his own and the priest's routes. Rigauville and Father de Bonnécamps separated from the group at Sandusky and did not arrive at Detroit until August 7, one day following the expedition. Here on August 13, at a conference with several Indian Tribes, no fewer than six priests were present: Fathers Bocquet and Bonaventure, Recollects; Father du Verger and three Jesuits, including Father du Jaunay of Michillimackinac and either Father Potier or Father Salleneuve, of the Detroit-Sandusky mission. Fathers du Jaunay and Bonaventure were about to leave for Montreal, which suggests the possibilty of several of the western priests having stopped at Presqu' Isle in Western Pennsylvania on their way to and from their missions between 1754 and 1759.

On August 16 Péan with about five hundred troops doubtless including Father de Bonnécamps as chaplain, began the return to Montreal by way of Michillmackinac and the Ottawa River. Thus Father de Bonnécamps in the two trips spent nearly a year on the inland waterways of the New World.

De Léry remained at Detroit over the winter putting the fort in order. From his diary, it is evident that one of the Jesuit Fathers, either Potier or Salleneuve, was in winter quarters on the Sandusky River in northeastern Ohio and through his contacts with his Indian charges kept the Detroit commander, de Muy, advised on the progress of Indian operations against the English.[23]

Word having come of an impending attack on Fort Duquesne, accompanied by a request from Contrecoeur that he might come and put the fort in a state of defense, de Léry left Detroit March 15 by land, accompanied by two Iroquois, one of whom was an Indian named Thomas from the Lake of the Two Mountains. Ice in Lake Erie persuaded them to take the Couchaké (Conshohocken) trail across Ohio. On Easter Sunday de Léry reached Couchaké, where he saw the graves of the 120 Hurons who died there in one summer while taking refuge during their revolt against the French. Only two cabins were left, one of which belonged to the Caughnawaga Indians. On April 5 "at 10:15 we came upon the Belle Rivière which I had not seen for sixteen years, when I surveyed it while going to the Chickasaw in 1739."

At Duquesne de Léry had barely time to put the fort in readiness before the approach of a large English force under Braddock and Washington July 5, 1755. The hero of the encounter with the English at Turtle Creek, only seven miles from the fort, was Daniel Liénard de Beujeu, a descendant of the Crusaders who marched at the head of 72 regular soldiers, 146 Canadians, and about 600 Indians of many tribes, including the famous Pontiac. Among the Indians were about two hundred Abnaki from St. Francis, and some from Caughnawaga and Lorette. A chief of the Lorette Hurons, Athanase, lived for many years afterwards to recount tales of the battle for the edification of visi-

[23]See S. Stevens and D. Kent. eds., *Journal of Chaussegros de Léry, March 7, 1754 to April 7, 1755* (Harrisburg, 1940, mimeograph), 79, 83.

tors. Beujeu was killed at the third volley, but Dumas rallied the French forces for a famous victory.

Western Pennsylvania's chief memory of the French and Indian War is of the numerous parties of French and Indians who continually harrased the frontier settlements, burning buildings, scalping victims, carrying off prisoners. It is but a repetition of the pattern adopted by both French and English from the beginning of their rivalry in the New World. There is evidence that the French commanders wished to accomplish their purpose with as little bloodshed as possible, but as Downes points out, once launched on their course, they could not have prevented the depredations by the Delawares and Shawnee.[24] As a matter of fact, the French Position in Western Pennsylvania was very weak. Their only hope of military success lay in keeping the English on the defensive and far from their decaying forts. After the burning of the Delaware village and French storehouse at Kittaning in 1756, the Delawares of that town retired to Forts Machault and Kuskuskis for protection and redoubled their efforts against the frontiers. They were joined at Venango by the Mingoes (Iroquois) of the region below the forks. Dumas and his successor de Ligneris wisely took measures to establish the Delawares and Shawnee of Kuskuskis, Sawcunk, and Logstown on a more dependable bases. They built thirty log houses with stone chimneys for them at Logstown, thirty-eight at Sawcunk, a mile below the mouth of Beaver Creek, and made plans for more at the Kuskuskis villages.

Around April of 1757 the Catawba and Cherokee, southern allies of the English, struck thrice, once

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[24]R. Downes, *Council Fires on the Upper Ohio* (Pittsburgh, 1940), 81. Instructions found on captured French officers show that they were taking precautions against the barbarity of their savage allies. As an instance, instructions of Dumas, commander at Ft. Duquesne, found on Douville said in part: "'Le Sieur (Douville) will employ all his influence to prevent the Indians from using cruelty on those who fall into their hands. Honor and humanity ought to serve as a guide in this." Translated from the original as given in *Pennsylvania Archives* (8 vols., Philadelphia, 1853), 2: 600.

at Logstown and twice at Fort Duquesne. In this manner was the stage set for the entrance of Western Pennsylvania's first missionary, the Jesuit Father, Claude Virot.

### Father Virot's Mission to the Delawares

A number of circumstances combined to bring Father Virot to Fort Duquesne. Some of these are indicated in Montcalm's *Journal* under the date of May 5, 1757, where he says:

> News has been received from Ft. Duquesne under date of March 8. M. de Ligneris continually sends forth small parties to war. M. de Normandville has returned with four English prisoners, who say that the garrison of Ft. Cumberland is much stronger than last year, and that they are awaiting Catawba, whom M. de Ligneris maintains derive their name from a village of Cherokee who have been domiciled in English territory. The same report announces an embassy of eight or ten Delaware chiefs and as many Shawnee who come to pay their compliments and listen to their father Onontio at Montreal. M. de Ligneris requests a missionary for the Delawares, along with some domiciled Abnaki to lead them. It is well to observe at this juncture that the Loups regard the Abnaki as their brothers; their language is similar; they fear rather than love the Iroquois, whom they call their uncles.[25]

It is probable that the request for a missionary was presented through the embassy of chiefs mentioned here by Montcalm. There was no difficulty in finding a missionary willing to undertake such a task. The Jesuits of St. Francis, above Montreal, were almost too willing to transport their whole mission to the Ohio, if we may believe an entry in Montcalm's *Journal* under date of January 5, 1757:

> The Marquis de Vaudreuil has had well-founded

[25] H.-R. Sasgrain, ed., *Journal du Marquis de Montcalm durant ses campagnes en Canada de 1756 à 1759* (Quebec, 1895), 192. The Catawba allies referred to here caused the English almost as much trouble as if they had been enemies. The Loups referred to are the Delawares, and particularly the Wolf tribe, also called Munsee.

> reports concerning the Abnaki of St. Francis and Bécancour, that the Jesuit missionaries, made fanatical and unbalanced by religious principles, wished to make them leave their villiages and transport them to the banks of the Ohio, under pretext of withdrawing them from commerce with the whites and intoxicants; and the Jesuits determined to refuse the sacraments to those who were opposed to this transmigration. The general had disapproved this conduct of the Jesuits as very much contrary to the interests of the colony.[26]

Rochemonteix supplies the background for this policy of the Jesuits:

> . . . Father Virot . . . was a missionary at Sault St. Louis before going to St. Francis. There he found the Abnaki, until then so attached to their faith, for some time quite fallen away from their first fervor: contact with the French and strong drink had diverted the young people from their duties. The elders lamented over their misconduct, but they had no control over them. Then it was that some Abnaki, desirous of ending their days in peace and the practice of their religious duties, resolved to quit St. Francis . . . a dozen Abnaki, commended and encouraged by Father Virot, sought refuge among the Delawares, near the Ohio. Father Virot followed them there . . .[27]

Elsewhere the same writer tells us: ". . . With a zeal not always assisted by physical strength, he demanded and obtained from the Superior general, Father de Saint-Pé, authorization to go and found a new mission among the tribe of the Delawares, on the banks of the Ohio . . . " [28]

Father Claude François Louis Virot (first name sometimes given as Joseph) was born at Bescançon February 15, 1721, and entered the Jesuits October 10, 1738. After two years of philosophy in the Jesuit College at Besançon, he taught three years at Saint-Flour; the remainder of the teaching period preceding theology he spent teaching humanties at Billom (1743-1744),

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[26] *Ibid.*, 146.

[27] *Les Jésuites*, 2: 143f.

[28] *Ibid.*, 185.

rhetoric at Rodez (1744-1745), and humanities at Auch (1745-1746). Then he was forced to retire for a year to Toulouse in order to mend his shattered health. In 1747 he went to Dôle, where he studied theology for four years. He left for Quebec in 1752 and was assigned to the Sault St. Louis mission, where he probably worked under the direction of Fathers de Gonnor, Gordan, and finally, in 1756 Father Neuville. He was "among the Abnaki" in 1756, therefore doubtless at St. Francis. While there he drew up an Abnaki course of instruction. It is preserved in the archives of the St. Francis mission at Pierreville, Canada.[29]

The next bit of information concerning Father Virot's project is that given by a fellow-worker, Father Roubaud, in his long letter of October 21, 1757, detailing the massacre of Fort William Henry. He begins thus:

> I set out on the twelfth of July from St. Francis, the principal village of the Abnaki mission, to go to Montreal; the purpose of my journey was simply to bring to Monsieur the Marquis de Vaudreuil a deputation of twenty Abnaki appointed to accompany Father Virot, who has gone to try to found a new mission among the Delawares of Ohio, or the beautiful river. The share that I was allowed to have in that glorious enterprise, the events which caused it, and the difficulties that it was necessary to overcome, may furnish hereafter interesting material for another letter. But I must wait until manifest blessings shall have

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[29] *Ibid.*, 47, note; 50, note; 185, note 2: 186.
Marault says that when the St. Francis church was destroyed by Rogers in 1759, all of its valuable manuscripts were burned. "Of all the precious objects, they were able to preserve only an Abnaki vocabulary and a strongly bound notebook containing a large number of hymns, motets, psalms, and songs, for they were in the hands of Father Virot when the fire occurred. This vocabulary contains a large number of scholarly notes which have been most useful to us for the history of the Abnaki." Father Marault adds that "the successor of Father Aubery was Father F. Virot, who was missionary at St. Francis until the capitulation of Montreal." As we shall see, Father Virot was already dead at the time of Rogers' expedition. Just how the manuscript found its way back to St. Francis, the writer has not been able to discover. Marault, *Histoire des Abénakis*, (Quebec, 1886), 501.

> crowned the efforts which we made to carry knowledge of the faith to tribes that appear inclined to receive it.[30]

It is not unlikely that the earlier group of twelve mentioned by Rochemonteix, if they were distinct from the band of twenty, went to the Ohio with the returning embassy of Delaware and Shawnee chiefs. Roubaud's statement about his part "in the glorious enterprise" has been construed by some writers as indicating that he joined Father Virot on the Ohio.[31]

But the short time which elapsed between the massacre of August 9 and the letter of October 21 does not seem to allow for his having taken such a long journey.

Father Virot's arrival at Fort Niagara is noted by Pouchot, commandant at the fort, in his *Memoirs*. His account is interesting enough to quote here at length:

> In August, M. de Vaudreuil sent to Niagara

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[30]JR, 70: 91.

[31]Thus Charles W. Dahlinger, *"The Moravians and Their Missions Among the Indians of the Ohio Valley," Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*, 3 (1920): 47. He has Roubaud joining Virot on the Ohio in 1757. On the eccentric Roubaud, see *Les Jésuites*, 2: 142-145. After the conquest of Canada, he gave his services to the English, left the Society and Church, and took unto himself a wife. Before his death he repented, retracted his calumnies against the Society, and went to Saint-Sulpice, where he died in the Church in 1785.

Marault's comments on Roubaud are brief and vague. He states that Roubaud was named missionary to St. Francis in 1761 and was replaced in 1762 by de Bery, Recollect. His dates do not correspond with those given by Benjamin Sulte, in his *Histoire de Saint Francois-du-Lac* (Montreal, 1886), where (p. 104) he informs us that Burton, English governor of Three-Rivers, had countermanded the order of a Jesuit superior commanding Roubaud to leave St. Francis, in 1760. Sulte believes Burton did this to placate the savages. Two years later, Roubaud visited a later governor, Haldimand, asking permission to go with the Indians in search of a mine. A few months later he returned spent with fatigue, clothes in tatters, empty-handed. Haldimand wished him to stay at Three-Rivers, but the following month he returned to St. Francis, which he finally left, according to Sulte, in 1763. *New York Colonial Documents*, 4: 303, 336, carries correspondence between Father Roubaud ("Jean Basile Roubault") and Sir William Johnson, in which Johnson speaks of establishing friendship between the Abnaki and Iroquios and in which Father Roubaud praises the English conquerors in the most extravagant terms, thanking them for protection against his enemies, including his "brethren, the Jesuits." He writes self-importantly of the revision he was making of Montcalm's civil code for Canada.

some Abnaki, to make aquaintance with the Loups of Theaogen, who were almost the same nations. They took with them a Jesuit, their missionary. In their council, the Abnaki gave to the Loups a fine belt to engage them to hear and receive this father among them. The Loups replied that they were pleased that the master of life had procured for them this occasion to see each other, and to be bound together; that they heard with pleasure their words, and that they would desire of the English some advantage which he proposed them. Lastly, they added, that they would carry this belt to their nation, and would invite everybody to hear the missionary, and in the spring they would return bringing a reply to the commandant. The Jesuit made them a speech on the excellence of religion. One of them told him, that having been baptized, he was not ignorant, that to enjoy a happy life a person should know that there once came into the world a little child, who having sinned in his life at the age of thirty years was killed, and that they pierced his hands and feet. It was him who had charge of the life of the other world, and that nothing could be had without him. In regard to the Trinity he designated the first person as a great chief, whom he compared to a king, the second, to a captain, and the third to the Church, or prayer. These three persons had made men as we find them upon earth, as red, black and white, and that they had destined one for praying, another for hunting, and another for war, but beyond that had left it to their will, without meddling with the affairs of the world. We have related this incident to show how much most of the Indians can conceive of the grandeur and sublimity of our religion. This man appears to have been taught by some English missionary.[32]

There are several almost unaccountable angles to this report. First, Pouchot makes no mention of the Ohio as Father Virot's destination, unless Theaogen (Tioga), "a confluence," refers to the forks of the river at Fort Duquesne. This is hardly likely, since he elsewhere speaks of Theaogen as a village of six hundred

[32]Pouchot, *Memoir upon the Late War in North America between the French and English, 1755-60,* translated and edited by Franklin B. Hough (2 vols, Roxbury, Mass., 1866), 92f

Delaware warriors on the upper reaches of the Susquehanna. Furthermore, from Hough's translation, it appears that the Jesuit father is asking the Loups to gain some favor from the English, and Tioga was close to the English settlements, while the Ohio Loups were wholly under the protection of the French in 1757. There is no evidence that Father Virot ever visited this village. At a latter date a delegation of those Loups were detained by the Iroquois when they attempted to visit Ft. Niagara. A mission in their village would have been most hazardous at best.

The next question is, where did Father Virot set up his mission cross and what success did he have? The answer is given in a very succinct passage from the diary of the Moravian missionary, David Zeisberger, for April 23, 1770:

> In the forenoon came to Sakunk (i. e. the place of an outlet) at the mouth of the Big Beaver. No one at present lives at this old Indian station. Here during the occupation of Fort Duquesne by the French there resided a French priest, who labored to convert the Delawares to Romanism, but he was driven away by Pakanke, chief of the Wolf tribe of that nation. Rode three miles up the creek to the Falls and encamped.[33]

The best description we have of Sawcunk and its environment is that given by Thomas Hutchins in 1764, only six years after Father Virot's supposed residence there:

> The road proceeds beyond Logstown at a small distance from the river and in some parts in sight of it, through a fine country, interspersed with hills and rich valleys, watered by many rivulets and covered with stately timber, to Big Beaver Creek, twenty-five miles and a half and fifty-six perches from Fort Pitt, and eight miles from Logstown.
>
> This creek is twenty perches wide, the ford stony and pretty deep. It runs through a rich vale, with a tolerable strong current, its banks high, the

[33]Quoted by J. Bausman, *History of Beaver County, Pennsylvania* (2 vols., New York, 1904), 1: 418, note 3.

> upland adjoining it very good, the timber tall and young.
>
> About a mile below its confluence with the Ohio stood formely a large town, on a high steep bank, built by the French, of square logs, with stone chimneys, for some of the Shawnee, Delaware, and Mingo tribes, who abandoned it in the year 1758, when the French deserted Fort Duquesne. Fort McIntosh is situated on this spot.[34]

At the time of Father Virot's arrival, there were about one hundred warriors—mostly Delawares—at Sawcunk under the leadership of the brother chiefs, King Beaver and Shingas. Many of the English and Indian prisoners taken in war were lodged here temporarily before removal to Kuskuskis or to the Muskingum. Croghan's trading post stood there, probably available for the use of Father Virot as a residence and a chapel until he could get established.

Sawcunk was strategically located to take care of all the Delawares in the region. One hundred warriors with their families occupied Logstown. Ascending the Beaver River to the forks, Father Virot would have found the four villages of the Kuskuskis, most important of which was that of Chief Pakanke on the Mahoning branch of the Beaver, on the south side across the river from modern day Edinburg. Still further north was a Wyandot village of 30 warriors at Shenango (marked Shaningo's Town on Lewis Evan's map of 1755).

Father Virot's task was gigantic and important. From the point of view of the French, it was to make dependable allies of the Indians by Christianizing them and settling them in compounds after the manner of the domiciled tribes on the St. Lawrence, thus assuring control of the gateway to the West and ultimate victory for the French forces. From Father Virot's point of view it was to find a haven for his Abnaki far from white civilization and to give the gospel to the Dela-

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[34]C. Hanna, *The Wilderness Trail* (2 vols., New York, 1911), 2: 202.

wares.. He could hardly have picked a worse time or place for his purpose. But the importance that Govenor-General Vaudreuil attached to his work is clearly revealed in the following letter to the Minister of the Marine, February 13, 1758:

> I had the honor, My Lord, to report the departure of the Jesuit to establish a mission among the tribes of the Belle Rivière. He has reached there, but at the beginning he did not have the success that his zeal made him desire. He has, nevertheless, baptized a few children and begun to instill the sentiments of Christianity in several savages. This is a work that requires time and patience. I am also exorting this missionary not to be discouraged and to have as much perseverance as is necessary for an object of such importance.[35]

We may safely conjecture that Father Virot exerted his influence in such a way as to curb the barbarities of the Delawares and to insure kind treatment of captives. When the English trader Croghan came to the region in the fall of 1758 he learned that no one had been burned at the stake for more than two years. Moreover, the Moravian missionary Heckwelder states that Shingas (of Father Virot's village) was never known to treat prisoners cruelly.

We do not know just when Father Virot was forced to evacuate by the ill-tempered, mercurial Pakanke. The remote cause of his action is, however, quite evident. The French position at Fort Duquesne grew steadily weaker while the English colonies were growing in unity and strenth. A large expedition under General Forbes was organized to cross Pennsylvania and attack the French at the forks of the Ohio. The Delawares, many of whom were half-hearted in support of the French from the first, began to treat with English agents, including Post, at Wyoming in June of 1758. Therefore getting rid of Father Virot would

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[35]S. Steven and D. Kent, eds., *Wilderness Chronicles of Northwestern Pennsylvania* (Harrisburg, 1941), 110.

be a first step toward withdrawing from their alliance with the French.

In August, Post went to Kuskuskis with an escort to win over the Delawares. "Kushkushkee," he writes under date of the 17th," is divided into four towns, each at a distance from the others; and the whole consists of about ninety houses, and two hundred able warriors." The French came to speak with him. "There were then fifteen of them building houses for the *Indians*. The captain is gone with fifteen to another town."

Evidence that the Indians of Sawcunk were still fundamentally sympathetic with the French is had from their hostile reception of Post when he went there three days later:

> . . .We arrived at *Sankonk* in the afternoon. The people of the town were much disturbed at my coming, and received me in a very rough manner. They surrounded me with drawn knives in their hands, in such a manner, that I could hardly get along, running up against me, with their breasts open, as if they wanted some pretense to kill me . . . Their faces were quite distorted with rage, and they went so far as to say, I should not live long; but some *Indians*, with whom I was formerly acquainted, coming up and saluting me in a friendly manner, their behavior to me was quickly changed.[36]

Protected by the Indians, Post went to the very walls of Fort Duquesne for a council, "Just as I set off from Fort Duquesne the *French* fired all their great guns, it being Sunday (I counted nineteen) and concluded they did the same every Sabbath."

He then returned to Sawcunk and Kuskuskis, being well-received in both places. At Sawcunk one of the chiefs, the conjurer Killbuck, hostile to him on his first stop there, now became very friendly. Post does not mention Father Virot, leaving us to conclude he must have retired to Fort Duquesne before this time.

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[36]*Early Western Travels*, Post's Journal, 1: 200.

He was at Fort Duquesne when Grant was repulsed at Ligonier, the last bold gesture by the French. Greatly outnumbered by Forbes' advancing army, their alliance with the Indians weakened by the diplomacy of Post and Croghan, the French burned their fort on November 24 and set off in three detachments, one going down the river to the Lower Shawnee town, another up the Allegheny, and the third over land to Presqu' Isle. With the last-named group Father Virot must have marched, according to a legend handed down and finally recorded by Father Lambing:

> . . . It is related that as the French retired from Ft. Duquesne when the English obtained possession of it, in November, 1758, their chaplain passed up the Beaver Valley on his way to the French posts in the northwestern part of the state. While doing so, he stopped at Mount Jackson in the present Lawrence County, about forty miles northwest of Pittsburgh and four from the state line, to visit an Irish Catholic family of the name of O'Brien. Having remained a short time and baptized three members of the family, he passed further northeast into the present Butler County, where he visited a French family of the name of Crafiere.[37]

The mention of the O'Briens reminds one of the warning Post issued to the Delawares at Kuskuskis:

> Then I said, "My brothers, I know you have been wrongly persuaded by many wicked people; for you must know, that there are a great many Papists in the country, in *French* interest, who appear like gentlemen, and have sent many runaway Irish papist servants among you, who have put bad notions into your heads, and strengthened you against your brothers, the *English*."[38]

At the time of the French retreat north, Presqu' Isle was the most important of the northern forts. Information about this post is supplied by the deposition

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[37]A.A. Lambing, *The Catholic Church in the Dioceses of Pittsburgh and Allegheny* (New York, 1880), 454.

[38]*Journal* entry for September 1; *Early Western Travels*, 1: 216. He issued a similiar warning on September 4.

of William Johnston, a prisoner for 14 months at Kuskuskis, who escaped in 1756.

> Presqu' Isle Fort, situated on Lake Erie, about thirty miles above Buffalo Fort, is built of squared logs filled in with earth. The barracks within the fort are garrisoned with about 150 men, supported chiefly from a French settlement begun near to it. The Settlement consists, as the prisoner was informed, of about 150 families. The Indian families about the settlement are pretty numerous; they have a priest and a schoolmaster. They have some grist mills and stills in this settlement.[39]

Presence of priests at both Presqu' Isle and Le Bouef is indicated by the following excerpts from the report of Colonel Hugh Mercer, of Fort Pitt, on intelligence received from the Indian spy, Thomas Bull, in March, 1759. ". . . At Presqu' Isle the garrison consisted of two officers, two merchants, a clerk, a priest, and 103 soldiers . . ." At Le Bouef "are two officers, a storekeeper, a clerk, a priest, and 150 soldiers . . ."[40] There were only four adult Indians at Presqu' Isle, some Ottawas at Le Bouef, and a few Delawares at Venango. He does not mention the Abnaki, who by that time probably had dwindled in numbers. Indeed, Montcalm, under entry of June 17, 1758, reports: "Some Abnaki of the Beautiful River, who had been with Father Virot to preach the Gospel to the Loups, returned. They were bored and come to wage war here."[41] However, a band of Abnaki had returned to Venango by July, 1759 when de Ligneris assembled a force of a thousand French with the equal number of Indians for a surprise attack on Fort Duquesne now renamed Fort Pitt by the English. Father Virot was undoubtedly a witness of the colorful war council held by de Ligneris the night before the planned descent of the Allegheny, with aborigines of a dozen tribes from the Hurons of Lorette to the Twigtwee of the West. At the very moment

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[39] *Pennsylvania Archives*, 3: 13.

[40] *Colonial Records*, 8: 311-313.

[41] *Journal du Marquis de Montcalm*, 369.

when de Ligneris was intent on arousing the ardor of the Delawares for the rejuvenated French cause, a messenger broke up the council with the news that Niagara was under attack by a large English force and needed help.

De Ligneris rallied his forces and raced north to the rescue. But the French advance was careless. Johnston's English troops lay in wait on the portage road down Lewistown Heights, below the Falls, and virtually annihilated the rescue party. The Iroquois allies of the English, furious in their desire for revenge, fell mercilessly upon their captives. Father Virot, chaplain of the French, was "cut to pieces," somewhere north of present Youngstown village, within a few miles of the cataract.[42] The only definite source we have on Father Virot's death is a very brief statement by Father Watrin in his letter on the banishment of the Jesuits from New France.[43] This information is confirmed, however, in the following intelligence of August 12, 1759, enclosed in a August 13 letter of Colonel Hugh Mercer written at Fort Pitt to Governor Denny:

> . . .By two Indians who arrived here this morning from Niagara, I have the following intelligence: that on the fifth the French made a great sally from the fort, that all the Indians they had with them at the fort deserted them, that the English drove the French back into the fort, and took possession of it; that during the siege de Ligneris, who formerly commanded on this river, was shot through the thigh and taken prisoner; the officer who commanded the fort at Niagara taken; the officer who commanded the troops from Detroit killed; *the priest killed,* and all the officers killed

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[42]This location is presumed by F. Severance, Buffalo historian, who recommends the erection of a monument in his honor. *An Old Frontier of France,* (2 vols., New York, 1917), 2: 321.

[43]JR, 70: 251.

> or taken except four, who ran away during the action on the fifth . . .[44]

De Bellestre was ordered to take the shattered remnants of the French force back to Pennsylvania, where they burned the forts and retired to the westward.[45]

It is to be wondered if any effects of Father Virot's mission were to be manifested subsequently among the Delawares. These Indians were converted by the Moravian sect, so it is in their literature that we might logically find indications of Father Virot's labors. That they were known to the Moravians is indicated by the citation from Zeisberger's diary already given. The same writer notes that as he ascended the Beaver River he passed (near Wampum) five or six huts of women who had taken a vow never to marry. This being a period of peculiar religious manifestions among the Delawares of that region, it is possible that these women may have heard of Father Virot speak of communities of nuns and decided to try the experiment on their own initiative.

Glikkikan, Pakanke's chief adviser, was converted during a visit to the Moravian mission of Zeizberger at Lawunakhannek, on the upper Allegheny, in 1769. De Schweinitz, in a rather exaggerated picture of this warrior says of him: "Even the white man was no

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[44]*Colonial Records*, 8: 395. The priest mentioned here must have been Father Virot, for the Niagara chaplain was captured, not killed, as is evident from Pouchot's peace terms and a statement of the Protestant chaplain John Ogilvie. According to a list of American martyrs given in *Woodstock Letters*, 13 (1884), 384, Father Virot was the last Jesuit to be killed in the United States. (The list omits Father Menard who died at the hands of the Indians.)

[45]It was probably during these feverish activities that the silver chalice or ciborium used at Ft. Le Bouef was abandoned. A letter of Bishop Young, of Erie, August 6, 1855 states: "About the year 1804 a small silver chalice or ciborium was exhumed at Waterford, near the remains of the fort (French Fort Le Bouef.) This a certain pious Catholic, a Mrs. Van Kirk, is said to have possessed herself of to preserve it from desecration, and took it with her when she subsequently migrated to some locality further down the river. *U.S. Catholic Historical Magazine*, 4 (1888): 220. Shea surmises that this chalice was used by Father Collet, but Father Virot may have been the last to employ it in saying Mass.

match for him. At Venango he had silenced the Jesuits, who would have converted his nation, at Tuscarawas, Frederick Post had succumbed to his power . . ."[46] If this be true, then Glikkikan must have disputed against Father Virot, since no other Jesuit was at Venango during the period in question. Loskiel speaks of Glikkikan's having disputed against "Romish priests" in Canada:

> The most distinguished character among the the numerous visitors was Glikkikan, an eminent captain and warrior, counsellor and speaker of the Delaware Chief in Kaskaskunk (Kuskuskis). This man came purposely to dispute with and confound Brother Zeisberger, as he had formerly served the Romish priests in Canada; the chiefs having appointed him, as the most able speaker, to refute their doctrines. He was likewise a teacher of his people, but never adhered strictly to one opinion, changing his faith, as he received new impressions. He afterwards confessed, that before he left Kaskaskunk, he had well considered what he intended to reply, by way of confounding the Brethren, and came, as he thought, completely armed at all points.[47]

However, an Indian convert, Anthony, spoke first and convinced Glikkikan of the truth of Christianity. Glikkikan afterwards maintained that he had forseen his whole conversion in a dream many years before. The Brethren then responded to an invitation to settle on the Beaver River and the following year established the town of Friedenstadt on the site of Moravia Station.

Pakanke proved to be as erratic in his behavior toward the Moravians as he was toward Father Virot. It was necessary for George Croghan to use his persuasion in their behalf before he would permit them to remain peaceably in the location to which he had invited them. Zeisberger had considerable success as a

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[46]E. De Schweinitz, *The Life and Times of David Zeisberger* (Philadelphia, 1870), 355.

[47]G. Loskiel, *History of the Mission of the United Brethren among the Indians in North America* (3 parts, London, 1794), part 1: 46.

missionary among the Delawares, King Beaver among other prominent chiefs accepting Christianity. Glikkikan continued faithfully to the end, dying with eighty-five other Moravian Indians in the slaughter at Gnadenhutten, Ohio, by Colonel Williamson's troops in 1782. They met their deaths with the resignation of the old Christian martyrs, fully justifying the judgment of the Jesuit missionaries that this people was ready to hear the Gospel.

### After the French and Indian War

It only remains for us to determine the effect of the English victory and the French suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1762 on the declining years of Father de Bonnécamps. During the war he kept up an active correspondence with the governor-general, recommending new routes to the outposts, pointing out strategic weaknesses. Writings of Father de Bonnécamps that have come down to us, in addition to his *Journal* of 1749, are meterological observations made at Quebec June 17, 1746, and published in the *Memoires de Trevoux*; a letter to Father Potier, missionary at Detroit, dated from Fort Frontenac June 23, 1752; a letter on the passage from the Western Sea to Asia; and a letter addressed to the astronomer, J. Nicholas de L'Isle, October 30, 1758, describing the battles of Carillon and Louisburg. Father de Bonnécamps pretended to see a supernatural element in the French victory at Carillon on July 8, 1758, during which, greatly outnumbered, the French fought fiercely for seven consecutive hours and emerged with the loss of but 250 men killed and wounded to a loss of about four thousand men by the English.[48] Speaking of the fall of Louisburg he says:

> One mistake that they have made, in my opinion, in the defense of this place, is not to have employed all the forces they had in making the hillside impassible. That was the only means of protecting this place which had no other de-

[48] *Les Jésuites*, 2: 156f.

> fense than its walls with a ditch and a protected road, without any out-works which defended the body of the place and which might have made this conquest cost the enemy dear. Add to that that the walls are made with a mortar whose sand is salty; now, it is proven by experience that sea sand fuses poorly with lime and makes a very bad mortar, therefore every spring there were repairs to be made in the walls.[49]

Father de Bonnécamps went over to France for his health in the early autumn of 1757. He left for Canada again on March 25, 1758. His letter to de L'Isle, referred to above indicates that he had frequent visits with the astronomer while in Paris. "Since my arrival in Quebec," he writes, "I have not been able to do any observing; because scarcely had I landed, when I was forced to go up to Montreal on affairs of the mission." He was there during the battle of Carillon. In August he returned to Quebec to resume his teaching of mathematics. The following year he again went to France and was sent to Caen as a professor of mathematics. On August 6, 1762, the Jesuit order was suppressed in France. Father de Bonnécamps was secularized, and on his representation that he had received 800 livres per annum in Canada, he was given a gratuity of 600 livres and sent to live in Touraine, "where all of the officers from Canada are stopping."[50] Rochemonteix says he retired to Brest, where he was named chaplain of the King at a prison in that village.

To a man of Father de Bonnécamps' travels and experience, the chaplaincy of a little prison must have been very confining. Whatever his motivation, by 1766, at least, we find him on the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, ministering to the refugees without the approbation of his ecclesiastical superiors. In 1767 he seems to have been notified to abandon this labor to other priests. He found a haven near Gourin, in

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[49] *Ibid.*, 164f.

[50] *An Old Frontier of France*, 1: 410, note, quoting *Orders of the King and Minutes*, October 9, 1762.

Brittany, at the chateau of François l' Ollivier de Tronjoly, an admiral of the French navy, acting as preceptor of his children. It was on his ship that Father de Bonnécamps had returned to France in 1759. The tragedy of his later years is indicated by this passage from Rochemonteix: ". . . On March 18, 1770, he made at Vannes, conformable to the decree prescribed by the Court, the declaration of being inviolably faithful to the king, of holding the four propositions of the Assembly of the Clergy of France of 1682 and the liberties of the Gallican church, etc."[51] According to Schoell, not more than five of the four thousand French Jesuits made this declaration.

Father de Bonnécamps died at the Trongoly chateau on May 28, 1790, having lived long enough to see the development of a new nation out of the New World wilderness he had explored and mapped.

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[51] *Les Jésuites*, 2: 156f, note 2.

# OBITUARY

## FATHER MICHAEL KENNY

### 1863 - 1946

In the death of Father Michael Kenny on November 22, 1946 at New Orleans, the end came to a long and distinguished career. As lecturer, Associate Editor of *America*, regent of Loyola Law School, professor of philosophy and historical writer his influence had been great. But all who came under that influence will appreciate and agree with the thought expressed by his friend in the Episcopacy who remarked on hearing the news of his death—"A great Catholic is dead!"

Father Kenny was born in Glankeen, "the pleasant valley," in the county of Tipperary on June 28, 1863. The story of that "pleasant valley" he was to tell in his last days, and in the telling reveal how powerfully its religious and historical associations had influenced his growing years. It was not so long ago that plague and famine had stalked the land, and Glankeen had lost half its people. His father, he recalls, had shown him, then a lad of twelve, a dozen successive places in adjoining fields where cattle were then grazing. "There was a house and family there once," he told the boy, "but they were all thrown out, and a dozen like them along this road. They died of the plague mostly. God rest them all!" "God rest them all!" the boy repeated. But he recalled that he had less prayerful thoughts of the men and the government responsible for such treatment. It was in 1869 that the Gladstone Act disendowed the Established Church and freed Irish Catholics from Protestant tithes. It gave practical effect to Catholic Emancipation. He was too young to realize all this, but he became aware of its practical implications when he saw the church long unoccupied and unsold turned into a three-walled handball court by his older companions. His mother had to assure him

that their "furtive pleasures" did not involve apostacy.

The "Chapel" as the Catholic Church was called, had, as Father Kenny remembered, "much to recommend it." But it was still in his young days a benchless edifice with earthen floor. All it had "to recommend it" was a gallery for the feeble and the old. The new curate of Glankeen, Father Rafferty, was to train his choir of boys and girls to sing for the first Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament their church had ever known. It would have pleased young Kenny to "sing his heart out," as he put it, at this first service that betokened the resurrection of old Catholic Glankeen. But while the organist conceded he had a voice, he was ejected for lack of ear.

If Father Rafferty did not discover in him the makings of a singer, his frequent visits to the boys' school convinced him that in Kenny the schoolmaster had no ordinary scholar. Mr. Troy, new to Glankeen of the early seventies, had an educational equipment far beyond the requirements of the National School program. He was in the best tradition of those who had gathered "feloniously to learn" in the prescribed Hedge schools. He had acquired from his outlawed masters a wide knowledge of mathematics and the classics both Greek and Latin. He encouraged his promising pupil to read and to think, and to that end he furnished him books from his own library. He counteracted and supplemented the narrowing National School schedule, carrying over from the Catholic and Hedge Schools their primary educational aim, to teach how to think and how to live, and to infuse love of knowledge for its own sake rather than for material gain. Even before his National School days were over, Michael had acquired a knowledge of the Classics and an acquaintance with history and literature far beyond his years. When it was decided that he should continue his studies with the Jesuits at Limerick his most treasured keepsake was a volume of Cicero's complete Orations signed on the fly-leaf with the names of other Kennys and farmers of the valley. It was the

text for which they had in former years shared the purchase, and from which some poor scholar or Hedge-master had taught them Latin.

At the Crescent College in Limerick, where for two years the newly founded Apostolic School found a home, he entered with characteristic enthusiasm into the broad program of training which had been mapped out for the future missionaries. In 1882 the Apostolic School was moved to Mungret, and Michael and his companions became the pioneers of a great missionary college. Mungret was soon affiliated with the Royal University of Ireland, and its students competed with students throughout the country. The records show that Michael Kenny's name was more than once high on the list of honors in Latin and English and History.

Among the many friendships that Michael formed during his years at Mungret some were destined to be lifelong. Michael Mahony was a fellow-student and so was Terence Shealy. Both Mahony and Kenny had in the closing years of College decided to become Jesuits, but Shealy demurred. The restrictions of the religious life, he felt, would hamper what Kenny termed "his seven-league apostolic stride." The days of their last vacation were passing when a letter came to Glankeen from Shealy inviting Michael and their mutual friend Michael Mahony to meet at the Rock of Cashel. So on the Rock of Cashel, at the door of Cormac's chapel, where Patrick baptized the king and the princes of the royal house of Munster, Terence Shealy announced his decision to be a Jesuit too. And he added in the words of the song "we're off to Philadelphy in the mornin'."

Wherever they landed in America, their ways parted, for Terence Shealy entered Frederick, Maryland, and Michael Kenny entered the novitiate at Florissant on September 8, 1886. He was later transferred to St. Stanislaus, Macon, Georgia where on September 8, 1888, he took the first vows of the Society. He remained at Macon for a year of Juniorate, and commenced his regency at St. Mary's University, Galveston. Here

for three years he taught humanities and mathematics, found time to write two plays, and was sent out to raise funds to recoup the dwindling fortunes of the school. His philosophical studies were made at St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau, La. On their completion in 1894 he returned to Ireland to study theology at Milltown Park. On August 1, 1897 he was ordained priest in the Church of St. Francis Xavier by Archbishop Walsh. He remained in Ireland until the fall of 1898 when he repaired to Tronchiennes for the year of Tertianship. On his return to the United States we find him again at Galveston for a year of teaching, then at Spring Hill for two years as professor of Rhetoric. He was sent to found a church for the colored in Macon in 1902. On February 2, 1903 he pronounced his last vows after which he was appointed to teach rhetoric and philosophy at Augusta, Georgia, spending there five years from 1903 to 1908.

In 1908 Father Kenny, now forty-five years of age, was sent to New York as Associate Editor of *America.* During the seven years he spent at this post his forceful articles on many topics attracted nationwide attention. He took up the challenge of the *New Age* and *The American Freemason,* both of whose editors were crusading for a rebirth of interest in the educational system. What was needed in the United States, they believed, was "a national law insisting that no group of people of any nationality, class nor church shall maintain a primary or secondary school anywhere in the land."

Father Kenny was by way of being a crusader himself. If audacity was the masonic watchword, we should adopt at least the courage of its content. He believed in putting the enemy on the defensive. He pleaded for educational committees in every diocese to watch over State legislation. He would have Catholics aroused to a bold coordinated insistence on their constitutional rights. And characteristically he reiterated "'let everything be done in the open." This set purpose of official Masonry to make religionless

schools universally compulsory by State and federal action, as set out in his many articles, was again put before the National Convention of the American Catholic Educational Association in San Francisco in July 1918. Masonic agitation culminated in the formation of the Oregon School Law compelling attendance of all children between the ages of 8 and 16 in the public schools. The final decision of the United States Supreme Court that the Oregon Act would interfere with the liberty of parents and guardians in the education of children under their control, and as such violated the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, did not put an end to Masonic hopes. A few months after the decision, the Scottish Rite *Bulletin* guaranteed the support of the entire Masonic Rite membership for the Curtis-Reed Federal Education Bill, "confident," said Father Kenny, "that the well-set sheep's clothing of the measure will look convincing to many, who in an Oregon School Bill would detect the wolf." His articles later published in pamphlet form under the title *American Masonry and Catholic Education* did much to achieve the coordinated Catholic opposition for which he had pleaded.

The plight of Mexican Catholics through years of persecution under successive rulers had won the ready sympathy of the American Catholic body. For Father Kenny sympathy was not enough. He sought to overcome the widespread fear of bringing religion into politics. He pleaded for a recognition of civic action as a religious duty, and in a succession of articles in *America* and other magazines urged the Catholic laity to "demand their civic right imperatively and exercise their civic duties boldly," and to demand of the Administration in Washington "not that it shall intervene against the oppressors but that it shall cease intervening in their favor." The ultimate endorsement of this policy by the Knights of Columbus at their national convention and the widespread circulation that they and other organizations gave to the Pastoral of the American Episcopate on the Mexican

Situation convinced him that "the Catholic laity have at last been put in the way of realizing their national responsibilities."

His campaign for the Catholics of Mexico had hardly well begun when he was called from New York to Loyola University, New Orleans, where he was to teach philosophy, ethics and religion. A little later he was appointed regent of the Law School, a post which he held until 1924. During his years on *America* he had admired the work of his friend, Father Shealy. Father Shealy had organized in 1905 the Fordham Law School. Under his care it had grown rapidly, as much, we are assured, "by his own brilliant lectures as by the ability of the men he had gathered around him." The work of Father Shealy was now an inspiration to Father Kenny in his new field of endeavor. He would do for Loyola what Father Shealy had done for Fordham. He wrote of Father Shealy long afterward that "he put a soul into law and restored to it something of the nobility and idealism it had possessed before the iconoclasm of the Reformation had degraded it into a money-making trade." Secular schools of law were, implicitly at least, repudiating the authority of God in law and government. They were for the most part following in the path of Bentham and Mills in teaching that government and law were the only and absolute governing authority. They were spurning the very truths that were pronounced self-evident in the Declaration of Independence. He intended to set his face against this tendency. He proposed to present from a lawyer's view-point the bearing of religion and morality on all questions of right and wrong, and on the various social and civic relations. Such a course Father Shealy had mapped out. Such a course Father Kenny would follow too. Before many years had passed he claimed that Father Shealy's "full design has been completed, on his own lines, in the School of Law of Loyola University, and with like beneficent results." The results speak for themselves and they were surely beneficent. And not the least was the influence that

Loyola and Father Kenny gained among the members of the legal profession and through them in every walk of civic life.

Father Kenny was now called on to lecture on social and historical topics and at educational conventions. He also became a leader in the cause of an independent Ireland. He always maintained that his Americanism was natural rather than acquired, that socially and religiously he felt himself at home in America, whereas he had been a foreigner at home. He had a special distaste for the English-made history of the National School and the Royal University of Ireland, not so much because it was English-made as because its heretical flavor was distasteful to his innate Catholic sense. When he was a boy in the National School the story of Ireland and of its saints and teachers had been a closed book. The National School boy was starved educationally of everything genuinely Irish. Prejudice did not enter into it as far as he was concerned. It was simply that the difference in racial character precluded the fitting of Irish minds into an English mold. And he was Irish to the finger tips.

It is little wonder, then, that the struggle of the newly created Irish Republic for self-determination won his enthusiastic support. President Wilson had declared that the root principle for which we entered World War I was the right of self-determination of their government by all nations, small as well as great. His presentation of Ireland's case before a mass meeting in New Orleans on St. Patrick's Day, 1919, was called masterly even by many of those little in sympathy with the resolutions that were its outcome. He had the additional satisfaction of seeing his case endorsed by resolutions from Congress, and from officials and clergy and people of every class which were forwarded to the President at the Peace Congress of Versailles.

In 1924 Father Kenny left Loyola University to become professor of Sociology and Ethics at Spring Hill College, a position he was to occupy until 1932,

interrupted only by a year of post-graduate work at Fordham University, where he received his Ph.D. degree in Ethics in 1927. He had never ceased to take an active interest in the condition of the Catholics of Mexico. The "intervention" he had hoped for was still a long way off. The persecutions continued, religion was banned from the schools, religious worship proscribed. In his pamphlet *The Mexican Crisis* he sought to keep the American public alive to the facts. He paid a personal visit to Mexico and on his return was soon in print again with *No God Next Door.* In this little book he brought the whole sad story to the attention of the American public again. It was, as the Archbishop of San Antonio called it, "an eye-opener." It earned for its author the special approval of the Holy Father himself and a letter of commendation from Very Reverend Father General.

In preparation for the centenary of the foundation of Spring Hill College in 1930 Father Kenny was assigned the task of writing the story of the college. The work that came from his pen was no mere collegiate chronicle, but a story of universal appeal. As appraised by the critics of the press it was a "substantial contribution to Catholic history in the United States," a "story told with charm and skill," told by "a mature scholar and an experienced writer." Published in 1931 under the title *Catholic Culture in Alabama* it was later reprinted under the more expressive title of *The Torch on the Hill.*

A more ambitious undertaking, and for a man past seventy, a trying one, was the story of the Florida missions which appeared under the title *The Romance of the Floridas.* Of wider significance than its title indicated, it was really the epic of the beginnings of North America and the planting of the Cross by heroic missionaries. Its author had the satisfaction of finding it received by even non-Catholic historians as "a distinct contribution to the history of Florida and its adjacent territory" by "one who knows how to write and appreciates the apparatus of history."

Father Kenny had left the college classroom before his work on the Floridas was finished. To him teaching had not been just another job. It was an apostolate. He emphasized what he called the Catholic sense in his teaching. The gradual spread of Christless educational systems, unnatural and unsound, lent to much of his exposition the vigor of the crusader. But while he was direct at times to the point of brusqueness, his pupils found in him a ready and sympathetic listener in their doubts and troubles.

When Father Kenny came to celebrate his Golden Jubilee in the Society, it was not so much as one conscious of work well done, as one eager to press on to new endeavors. His health was still good. In his *Catholic Culture in Alabama* he mentions "a present septuagenarian professor of philosophy who never missed class nor his daily swim for a decade" and "who credits to the lake his immunity from colds during the entire period." His own belief in the daily swim was just as firm. Day after day he could be seen, beads in hand, and wearing his cap at a rakish angle, making his way to the lake for his daily plunge. He was a great believer in the morning setting-up exercises, and to get the circulation going, as he put it, he jogged rather than walked to the Chapel to Mass. And in the betweenwhiles of busy hours, on his way from chapel to refectory, from refectory to recreation room, the breviary was always in his hands. He never forgot that he was first of all a priest. And he never allowed others to forget. He resented being greeted by the familiar "Mike." He was Father Kenny. And as Father Kenny he never permitted personal interests to come in the way of any call upon his spiritual ministrations. He kept before his mind the duty he emphasized so often to priests in retreat, to bring God to the people and the people to God. It was a difficult decision to accept when he was told that he could no longer say Mass in public or preach. He would have liked to say two Masses every Sunday. But those who came to see the jubilarian on business or on a purely social visit,

many of his former students and the friends he had made over the years, found him more interested in their spiritual welfare than in their temporal well-being. Their civic or social importance carried no weight with him. He was outspoken and direct with all. It was for this very directness they often sought him. For they knew in him a man who was sincere. And to all, great and small, he would not hesitate the final admonition: don't forget the beads. He never forgot them himself. He might forget his ticket for the train, his clergy-book or some necessary article of clothing, but he never forgot the beads.

During the years that followed his Jubilee he was still busy on his records of the American Martyrs. He was asked by Bishop Ireton to help establish the site of the martyrdom of Father Segura and his companions, and for this purpose paid a personal visit to the scene of their last labors. He flew in an airplane over the Indian trail they were supposed to have followed to their death and was not a little gratified to have placed, at least to his own satisfaction, the probable site of the log chapel of Saint Mary's

In 1941 while busy compiling the records of some forty American martyrs to be submitted to Rome, and putting the finishing touches to the biography of an Irish-American foundress, he was asked by the Pastor of Glankeen to write a history of his native parish. The native parish idea, he confesses, proved alluring. He would liked to have had his name remembered in Glankeen as those of Davis and Kenyon were in the neighboring parish of Templederry. Lacking the creative genius of a Kickham, he might at least do a little to keep that fire alive in the homes and hearths of his own Pleasant Valley. As a regional history written at such a distance from the scene, and from the Irish records and authorities it required, and by a man of eighty, it would be a challenge to the younger generation at home. It would show them what treasures could be unearthed, given time and patience. At his age it was a strain on both.

He felt that with the completion of *"Glankeen"* his work was done. He would revise his *Romance of the Floridas* and, as he put it, "catch up on his prayers." But he was not yet through. Someone was needed to write a history of the Jesuit missions in the Southern States. And as the man best qualified for the job he found himself going through the whole weary process of research again. As the work neared its close he celebrated his Diamond Jubilee. He could look back on sixty years of Jesuit life. He knew that the congratulations he received were sincere. They said "well done" from the heart. But in another year he would be fifty years a priest and for a long time now he had hoped that God would let him see that day. But God disposed otherwise.

The story he had undertaken of his fellow Jesuits of the past became, as it progressed, a work of love. It was none the less completed with great toil and trouble. That it was with great toil and trouble was indeed evident to all. For his vigorous frame was beginning to waste away, his daily visit to the lake was now too much effort. No prescribed treatment seemed to halt this sudden decline, nor did any diagnosis reveal its cause. Accordingly he went to New Orleans where an operation on November 21 in the Touro Infirmary revealed a malignant condition far advanced. The operation was too much for his advanced years and lowered vitality. He rallied for a day, during which he answered the prayers as he was being given the Last Sacraments. Shortly after, he lapsed into a coma and passed away on the afternoon of November 22.

The large number of clergy, religious and laity who attended his funeral at Spring Hill on the following Monday was eloquent testimony to the esteem in which he was held by all. The valiant crusader was laid to rest on the Hill whose "Torch" he had done so much to keep aflame. May he rest in peace.

## FATHER JOHN HANNON

### 1884 - 1947

### Late English Assistant

Born in the city of Limerick on May 24, 1884, Father Hannon was educated in Limerick. Having spent some years with the Irish Christian Brothers he became a pupil of our Fathers at the Sacred Heart College in the same city. Many years later, when Father Hannon had been appointed by the Holy See as Visitor to the Irish Christian Brothers throughout the world, he was able to recall these early years in the first letter which he addressed to their Congregation, and to assure them of his lasting gratitude for the help they had given him as a young boy.

John Hannon entered the Irish novitiate at Tullabeg on September 7, 1900, where he also spent one year as a junior. He then went to the College of the French Fathers at Gemert in Holland for his three years philosophy. It was here that he first began to show his remarkable aptitude for scholastic studies. From philosophy he passed to the Colleges in Australia, where he spent six full years (1906-12). He taught in Sydney, at St. Aloysius' and at Riverview, and was Prefect of Studies in the latter college for the last year of his stay in Australia. Returning to Europe in 1912, he was sent to Innsbruck for the first year of theology, but came back to his own Province for the last three years of the course. He was ordained at Milltown Park on St. Ignatius' Day, 1915.

During the year 1916-17 Father Hannon made his tertianship under the guidance of Father Ignatius Gartlan, who acted as Instructor to so many Fathers of the English and Irish Provinces from 1911 onwards. He was then chosen for a biennium in preparation for a chair of Dogmatic Theology in Milltown Park. He went to the French house of studies at Ore Place, Hastings, in the autumn of 1917; but his biennium was

interrupted by the threat of conscription, which brought about the sudden withdrawal of all Irish students from the Seminary at Stonyhurst. Father Hannon was one of the three Fathers appointed to open a new Philosophate at Milltown Park in 1918; he had been professed of the four vows at Ore Place on the Feast of the Purification of that year. For the next six years he taught philosophy in Milltown Park; and was given his first opportunity of teaching dogmatic theology when Father Peter Finlay was sent to Rome as one of the Irish delegates to the 27th General Congregation in 1923. Those who were present at those first classes remember very vividly the exceptional gift for clear exposition, combined with an easy fluency in Latin speech, which made Father Hannon's lectures a pleasure to hear. He became one of the permanent staff of theological professors in the autumn of 1924, being given the treatise *De Ecclesia* as his special subject. For the next fourteen years he taught various treatises of dogmatic theology at Milltown Park, and came into close contact with each succeeding generation of scholastics from the Irish Province and from what was then the Australian Mission.

In 1924 Father Hannon was appointed by the Irish Hierarchy to the public chair of dogmatic theology in the National University of Ireland, which had been held by Father Peter Finlay for the past ten years. The principal duty of this professorship is to give a public lecture on some theological subject once a week during each term of the academic year. Father Hannon gave these lectures for ten years, and was notably successful in his appeal to the young student body of University College, Dublin. His first course of lectures dealt with the Church; others with the Incarnation and Eucharist; a porter of the College, when asked what sort of attendance Father Hannon was attracting, replied at once: "Why, it's like a Mission." The large lecture-theatre was indeed full to capacity, for the lecturer was deliberately striving to make his appeal to the interests and needs of the average student.

Father Hannon was also Rector of Milltown Park from 1924 to 1930. He represented the Irish Province at the General Congregation of 1938. At the end of this first visit to Rome he was unexpectedly appointed by the Holy See to the very onerous post of Visitor General to the Congregation of Irish Christian Brothers, not merely in Ireland and England, but also in almost every land of the English-speaking world. His tour was not yet completed when the outbreak of war threw everything into confusion. For the next six years Father Hannon remained for the most part in Ireland, where he was called upon to exercise his functions as Visitor for a very much longer time than had been expected in 1939.

His great tact and charm of manner, combined with an exceptionally wide experience of life in many countries, made it possible for him to win the trust and esteem of all the Brothers during these difficult years. Not until shortly before the recent General Congregation was it possible for him to be released from this onerous task.

During the war Father Hannon paid a visit to Rome on matters connected with his visitation; and he was then requested by the Holy Father to visit the various camps in which English prisoners of war were detained throughout Italy. His visit was a priestly mission as well as an errand of mercy.

Father Hannon went again to Rome as Elector of the Irish Province last autumn. He was elected English Assistant on September 22, 1946. He died in Rome on June 18, 1947. R.I.P.

# *VARIA*

**The American Assistancy.—**

## MARYLAND PROVINCE

**Father Ayd.**—One of the manifold activities of Jesuits was brought sharply into focus recently by the commutation of a death sentence. Fr. Joseph J. Ayd, S.J., chaplain of the Maryland Penitentiary, was the man chiefly responsible for bringing this about. Naturally, anyone who does this sort of thing is bound to be popular with the inmates of the prison and especially the death house, and this popularity and gratitude is reflected by the following excerpt from the letter of one of the convicts.

"Believe me, sir, the task that is his is no sinecure. You cannot imagine the work he does for us over and above his holy duties as a chaplain. It is 'Father, write the judge,' 'See my Dad,' 'intercede with the Governor for me,' 'Father, I need this and I need that,' but the good Father would not have it otherwise and I know he will be here until he drops, if he has any choice in the matter. God bless him.

"Now this may be a homely way of expressing appreciation of a fine Priest by this crude letter, but the Father does not allow us to express our gratitude in the way we would wish—no collections for himself. The men, hundreds of them, would just about bankrupt themselves for him. So I take this means to show my appreciation for a learned and great priest, yet a humble, merciful unassuming one."

Father Ayd explains the nature of his work as follows:

"A condemned felon is a resident of our very gloomy death house for from three months to a year or more, and one of their regular visitors during that time is my humble self, in my official capacity. Needless to say, through the wondrous workings of the grace of

God, I make many converts in the death house. In fact, the last four victims of justice I accompanied to the scaffold were very pious converts.

"As soon as a felon lands in the Death House I begin to check up on the case. If I discover anything amiss I at once consult with the attorney of my Prison Committee, and we study the case together and take what steps seem wise, and prudent, and just. As a result I have managed to get several commutations and one or two outright pardons.

"All of the fifty felons I have accompanied to the scaffold died very piously, and fully repentant. Some were very saintly at the end and edified me and all present by the way they died. All of them died with the sacred names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph on their parched lips."

## NEW ORLEANS PROVINCE

**Trincomalee Mission.**—Word has just been received from Rome that Father Ignatius T. Glennie has been appointed Bishop of the diocese of Trincomalee in Ceylon. Born in Mexico City in 1907, he entered the Society in 1924, and after philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's in Spokane, Wash., he went to India for regency. After theology and ordination there, Father Glennie taught theology and has been rector at the Pontifical seminary at Kandy, Ceylon.

**Father Delanglez.**—In recognition of the research work on the history of French explorers that has been done by Father Jean Delanglez of this Province, the Canadian government has named a large peninsula in the Province of Quebec in his honor. Most of this work has been done in connection with the Institute of Jesuit History at Loyola University, Chicago.

## CHICAGO PROVINCE

**Patna.**—To succeed Bishop Bernard Sullivan, S.J., who retired from the See of Patna last year, the Holy See has appointed Father Augustine F. Wildermuth.

A member of the Missouri Province, being a native of St. Louis, Mo., Father Wildermuth has been working in Patna Mission since 1929 and has been its religious Superior since October, 1944. Father Richard A. Welfle, also a veteran of the Patna Mission and well known for his books on life in India, is the new Superior of the Mission.

## NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE

**Jamaica.**—A new rector of Winchester Park has been appointed as distinct from Superior of the Mission. He is Father Dennis Tobin. This move was made necessary by the growth of the Mission and the extremely difficult task of the Mission Superior for the last eight years. Since 1939, when the increase in personnel began, the impossibility of the Superior's position was evidenced in the fact that he was at the same time Superior of the Mission, Rector of the Cathedral, Rector of Winchester Park and Rector of St. George's College. The former Superior of the Mission, Father Thomas J. Feeney, relieved the situation somewhat by delegating his powers as Rector of Winchester Park. He also asked Bishop Thomas Emmet, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, to erect a Cathedral Residence for the Fathers who took care of the Cathedral. To one of these Fathers, Father Feeney delegated his position as Rector of Holy Trinity Cathedral.

This still left in abeyance the solution of the major administrative problem of the Mission, namely, the separation of the position of Superior of the Mission from that of Rector of Winchester Park. The union of these two offices interfered with frequent visitations of the out-missions, as well as positive planning to assist the missionaries in the field. Representations to separate the offices formally began as long as seven years ago. The division of the burdens of these offices has now been accomplished.

## OREGON PROVINCE

**Alaska.**—The Most Rev. Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, died in Providence hospital, Seattle, on July 19 at the age of 63. He was appointed Coadjutor to Bishop Crimont, S.J., on Dec. 14, 1938 and was consecrated on Feb. 24, 1939, succeeding Bishop Crimont at his death on May 20, 1945. Born in Peola, Wash., Nov. 17, 1883, and entering the Society on July 30, 1902, the late Bishop was ordained May 16, 1918. He served as Rector of Gonzaga University in Spokane from 1921 to 1927; as Rector of Seattle College from 1929 to 1930; and as Provincial of the Oregon Province from 1932 to 1938. R.I.P.

## CALIFORNIA PROVINCE

**Azusa.**—A new retreat house for laymen was established in the archdiocese of Los Angeles in June by the purchase of a building and a six-acre tract of land near Azusa, California. For 20 years summer retreats have been held on the campus of Loyola University. In the new house, such retreats can be conducted at other times of the year as well, and in greater privacy at all times.

Early this year Father Joseph R. Stack, founder of El Retiro, the retreat house at Los Altos, Calif., was assigned to take over the Loyola retreats, relieving Father Lorenzo Maloney, moderator for 19 years. He soon set about the task of finding a home for year-round retreats. Some 30 sites were inspected in the diocese and finally the Azusa location was found to be suitable.

As the Rancho Los Cacmites, it had been for many years the meeting place of the Sunset Club of Los Angeles. Among the departed members of the Club are Bishop George Montgomery and Bishop Thomas J. Conaty.

## NEW YORK PROVINCE

**Syracuse.**—Construction of the buildings of Le Moyne College has been delayed by the difficulties of

the times. However, on Sept. 7, the cornerstone of the first building was blessed and laid by the Most Rev. Walter A. Foery, Bishop of Syracuse. He was assisted in the ceremony by Father Joseph A. Murphy, Rector of Fordham University and by Father William J. Schlaerth, President of the new college. Among those present were the Jesuit faculty members, Monsignori and priests of the diocese and Mayor Frank J. Costello of Syracuse.

Because of the definite promise given that the school would open this year, the first classes are being held in temporary, rented quarters. Meanwhile work will proceed so that at least three of the planned group of 15 buildings may be ready for use soon. These are the administration-classroom building, the science building and a faculty-student residence.

With these completed, the college will accommodate from 800 to 900 students during the first few years. An eventual enrollment of 3,000 will be possible at the completion of the building program.

**From Other Countries.—**

## FRANCE

In a sermon at Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, Father Michael Riquet undertook to reply to the widespread denunciations of the Church and the clergy voiced by the Communists. He asserted that "to the hate which now surrounds and envelops us we respond once more with love." At this point, it is reported, the great congregation stood and broke out into prolonged applause. Nothing like this had taken place in Notre Dame since 1914 when news of the victory of the Marne was announced from the pulpit.

**China.**—Father Yves Henri, former Superior of the Shanghai Mission, was taken prisoner in October, 1946, while making his visitation in Haichow. Isolated by the Communists for two months, he was believed dead and Masses were offered for him and the Language

School hung a black and white banner over the chapel door. Troops of the Central government attacked the town where Father Henri was being held and he was liberated and set out on his way back to Shanghai. The news that he was alive and in town interrupted the Solemn High Requiem Mass that was being sung for him at the time.

**Mours.**—Father Maurice Counort, superior of the retreat house of Mours in the diocese of Beauvais, is one of five priests accused in the so-called "plot of the convents," that is, of having given sanctuary to individuals sought by the police for collaboration with the enemy during the war. His letter to the judge defines the problem of conscience presented to priests and religious in these cases.

"Our houses," he wrote, "are open to any who wish to enter either for a collective or a personal retreat. When certain of our guests have told us of faults for which they are subject to investigation, we have advised them not to hide themselves, not to obstruct the action of justice, but we have not forced them out. We are forbidden to deliver them and I am obliged to refuse to name those who have confided their secrets to my conscience as a priest."

**Father Farmer.**—Returning to the United States after an absence of 23 years, Father Francis X. Farmer, S.J., former Protestant missionary, has arrived from China to visit his 88-year-old Methodist mother, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Farmer, at Augusta, Ga.

Sent as a Methodist missionary to China in 1901, Francis Farmer met and married Martha Beeson, also a Methodist missionary, in 1903. For 13 years he labored in Kwang Si and Huchow Fu, but with the slow growing conviction that Protestantism had too little to offer.

After the death of his wife, he returned to the United States and made his profession of faith to Bishop B. J. Keiley, in Savannah, Ga., on May 6, 1915, and the following year entered the Society of Jesus,

choosing the Province of France in order to work in China.

Ordained in Hastings, England, in 1922, Father Farmer was on his way back to China within two years, this time as parish priest in Shanghai. Here he remained for 23 years except for the three and a half years when he and his fellow missionaries were interned at Zikawei.

At the Jesuit Mission House in New York, as he prepared to leave for China once more, Father Farmer expressed great hope and love for his mother and his country. "America," he said, "is a great and beautiful country. It is harder for me to leave it this time than ever before."

## ENGLAND

The 28-year-old Jesuit seminary for late vocations, Campion House, Osterly, has just marked the ordination of its 500th priest, by Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster.

Plumbers, boxers, clerks, civil servants, school teachers, convert clergymen, bricklayers, actors, carpenters, electricians, and, most of all, ex-soldiers, have been among its successful students. They are today working in many parts of the world.

Among the present students are 110 ex-servicemen. There are also two miners and five industrial workers.

The 500 include Danes, Dutchmen, Germans, and Jamaicans as well as Britons. Some are today working in the United States. Of the 500, 262 joined religious orders, 212 are diocesan priests and the rest are on foreign mission work.

Father Clement Tigar, S.J., director, said that Latin was the subject which frightened beginners more than anything else. "I have seen a lightweight champion boxer of England more afraid of his professor than ever he was of an American fellow prize-fighter," Father Tigar said. "He is now Father Con O'Kelly, a curate in Nottingham."

## ROME

For the first time since the creation of the Vatican City State, under the Lateran Treaties of 1929, a Vatican citizen has become a priest and said his first Mass on Vatican territory. He is Father Roberto Bortolotti of the Roman Province of the Society. He was ordained at the church of St. Ignatius in Rome, on July 26, and said his first Mass in the small church of St. Anne, in Vatican City, the following day, Sunday, June 27.

Father Bartolotti is the son of an employee of the Vatican Property Administration and held Vatican citizenship when he entered the Society. He is also the first Vatican citizen to become a Jesuit.

## INDIA

Father Jerome D'Souza, S.J., Rector, Loyola College, Madras, has been chosen by the National Congress to represent the Christians of the South in the Constituent Assembly. When he took the floor on the 21st January, Fr. D'Souza was listened to with rapt interest by the whole House. He drew the attention of all to a double danger against which all would have to be prepared: the first—desire for rapid progress and improvement may prompt the State to override individual liberty and "do things more by force and regimentation, more by the authority and power of the Central State, than by agreement, than by persuasion; the second—a wrong desire "for unanimity and homogeneity, which it is not possible to have and which perhaps is not even necessary" may prompt the State "to pass measures which would seriously wound and grieve the minorities or special groups." He expressed a regret that the name of Almighty God found no place in the momentous declaration and concluded with these beautiful words: "I understand, Sir, the reasons which moved the honourable framer and mover of this Resolution in not bringing in anything which may look like a religious profession, but you will permit me, Sir, to say before concluding my remarks, that

if by some way in this momentous preambulary declaration, the name of Almighty God had been brought in, it would have been in conformity with the persuasion, with the convictions, with the spirit of this vast land of ours and its ancient civilization . . . Even though His sacred name is not here, I sincerely believe that we have met here under the cover of His protection and of His grace which alone moves the hearts of men. We hope and pray that the deliberations that we have begun will be taken to their legitimate conclusion by the same grace and that the land for which we are labouring will rise again with new strength, with new prosperity, with new happiness."

—*The Harvest, Belgaum, India*

# *American Jesuit Books*

**A Guide to Historical Method.** *By Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J.* (Late of Chicago Province). *Edited by Jean Delanglez, S.J.* (New Orleans Province). Fordham University Press, 1946.

Method in history concerns itself with the data contained in the historical source. That data the historian submits to a threefold process, namely, heuristic, critical and synthetic. Simple as these steps may sound each is but the doorway to a labyrinth into which only the sincere, patient searcher after truth will dare enter.

Father Garraghan's book is noteworthy for what a Catholic and a scholar can contribute to this all-important search for truth. As Chesterton's Father Brown once discovered an imposter priest by his disdain for reason, in much the same way Father Garraghan discloses the imposter historian. Human testimony is a valid and certain way of obtaining truth and historical method *per se* is capable of obtaining that truth. Analogy, generalization, cause-and-effect relations, hypothesis, are the warp and woof of all historiography, to say nothing of the part played by philosophy and even theology. If a historian must synthesize he must philosophize. If he must philosophize he must eventually touch ultimates, which brings us to the Christian formula as elaborated by St. Augustine, Vico, Schlegel and Ozanam.

The historian must philosophize, but Father Garraghan also cautions that although the Catholic historian accepts the providential view he must realize that the part played by human events in God's world-plan is often obscured from our eyes. Therefore by no means let him dispense himself from the laborious investigation into secondary, natural causes. And for the historian, *hic labor est!*

Father Garraghan takes us through the painfully detailed steps of historical research with much care, clearness and thoroughness, but not with textbook dryness, for his pages fairly sparkle with interesting illustrations from all types of historical writing. For the tyro this book will be an inspiration and an invaluable basic training. For the trained scholar it will be an indispensable handbook especially for the detailed formulae for criticizing and analyzing sources, and for the excellent hints on good style. The bibliographies are of utmost value on every phase of the subject.

It must be noted also that the usefulness of this book is not limited to students of history. Students of theology, especially Fundamental Theology, may profitably read the sections on source criticism with their copious examples from biblical re-

search, as well as the treatment of miracles. Philosophers will profit by the defense of human testimony as a *fons cognitionis.* In fact, since we are all dependent for a great part of our knowledge upon human testimony proximate and remote, the reading of this masterful work would well repay the effort.

J. W. BUSH, S.J.

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**Paradise Hunters.** *By W. Kane, S.J.* (Chicago Province). B. Herder Book Company, 1946.

The proper balance of temporal happiness and eternal salvation is the burden of this book. Taking as a springboard the universal human instinct for happiness, the author traces this instinct back to Eden, finds its frustration in the Fall, outlines the new Way to the new Paradise through Christ and His Church.

The bulk of the book deals with specific problems which mark the conflict between material and spiritual values: the problems of wealth, sex, ambition. Modern education and humanitarianism are rejected as solutions, and in a final chapter the Christian answer is summarized.

Although a book of this kind does not aim to give more than general principles, the professional economist may justly quarrel with the over-simplification and the facile use of statistics in the chapter entitled "The Problems of Poverty," in which "the incompetence, greed, and inertia" of the poor are set down as the chief causes of poverty and one is left with the impression that it is a moral fault to be poor.

The author's literary background lends charm to a rambling style.

E. J. NORTON, S.J.

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**Facing Your Social Situation.** *By James F. Walsh, S.J.* (Missouri Province). Bruce Publishing Company, 1946.

The author of this book is one of those Jesuits (happily growing in numbers), who have acquired a professional competence in academic fields hitherto monopolized and still dominated by infidels, and who have battered the citadels of secularized learning with the twin guns of scholastic philosophy and Divine Revelation. Fr. Walsh, Professor of Psychology at Regis College, Denver, has given us a readable "Introduction to Social Psyschology" which achieves the difficult integration of empirical and deductive methods, and succeeds in subordinating psychology to the higher disciplines without depriving it of its autonomy. While the introduction of specifically Christian concepts is not so frequent as some might expect, they are ever present in the background to give the work a truly Catholic tone.

Beginning with a statement of philosophical premises and a definition of terms, the author then traces the history of social psychology, which, in the strictest sense, goes back to Gabriel Tarde, but which, in its broader aspects, is as old as the Book of Genesis and the dialogues of Plato. Chapter III entitled "The Human Mechanism," tells us what man is, treating cursorily of the mechanics of stimulus and response, but laying especial stress on the higher faculties. The remaining chapters form the heart of the book: first, what a social situation is, " . . . a person's total social environment viewed as operating at a given moment . . . "; then, how it is formed, e.g. by suggestion, imitation, social projection; what are the various reactions to it (including a discussion of competition, crime, war); how the social situation is controlled (by morale, leadership, mob psychology, etc.); and finally, a consideration of certain standardized or permanent situations, the family, school, workshop, Church and State.

Anyone seriously intent on improving his social relations will certainly be stimulated by many portions of this book. Those interested in the lay apostolate will likewise derive profit from it. Finally, Jesuit educators, apostles to the workingman, directors of souls, will find material for reflection in the treatment of many unsolved problems, e.g. the baneful effects of modern dancing, the mental and moral deterioration caused by the drudgery of mass production, problems for whose solution Christian men of action need the scholarly analyses of Christian men of thought like Father Walsh.

T. E. CLARKE, S.J.

# *Of Interest to Ours*

**Gailhac of Beziers.** *By Helene Magaret.* Longmans, Green and Co., 1946.

When in 1814 Pope Pius VII passed through Beziers as he returned from his Napoleonic capticity at Fontainebleau, his eyes met those of a twelve year old boy. That boy, Pierre Jean Gailhac, never forgot the burning sorrowful look in the eyes of Christ's Vicar. Though a normal lively boy, from that day he felt a call to higher things. His boyish charity, not always over-prudent, was well known, so there was little surprise when a few years later he began his studies for the priesthood.

Both before and after Ordination he was a very successful professor in the seminary. His devotion to the Vicar of Christ was made manifest by his refusal to accept the Gallican theses proposed by the anti-clerical government. Later, at his own urgent request he was transferred to the chaplaincy of the local hospital. Henceforth his life of untiring priestly zeal

was devoted to the sick, the poor and the morally destitute. Opposition and misunderstanding greeted his first foundation, a refuge for fallen women. An orphanage followed shortly. Then seeing how many of the better-class children were snatched from the Faith by secular education he founded a school for them.

To help him in all these projects, in 1848 he founded the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary. Their success in carrying on his work is well known in many countries, including our own. His endeavors to found a similar congregation of priests, the Fathers of the Good Shepherd, brought only failure and disappointment. Though old age took its toll of his strength he refused to lessen his labors until shortly before his death at the age of 88.

Of particular interest to Ours will be one of Father Gailhac's last letters. It was addressed to the Jesuit Provincial of Toulouse, and begs him to take "this little family" under his protection.

Nothing need be said of the style and artistry of the book save to recall that the author is the same Dr. Helene Magaret whose *Father De Smet* is so well known to Ours.

R. J. Neu, S.J.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

**Our Lady of Light.** *Translated and abridged from the French of Chanoine C. Barthas and Pere G. Da Fonseca, S.J.* (Portuguese Province). The Bruce Publishing Company, 1947.

**The A B C of Scholastic Philosophy.** *By A. C. Cotter, S.J.* (New England Province). Weston College Press, 1947 (Third Printing).

**O Apostalado Da Oracao E A Provincia Portuguesa De Companhia De Jesus.** *By Acacio Casimiro, S.J.* (Portuguese Province). Macieira De Cambra, 1946.

**The Heart of the Angelus and of the Hail Mary.** *By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.* (New York Province). The Sentinel Press, 1947.

**The Heart of the Tabernacle.** *By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.* (New York Province). The Sentinel Press, 1947.

**The Heart on the Way of the Cross.** *By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.* (New York Province). The Sentinell Press, 1947.

**How We Influence One Another.** *By Vincent V. Herr, S.J.* (Chicago Province). Bruce Publishing Co., 1945.

**Edward Kavanagh, Catholic, Statesman, Diplomat from Maine, 1795-1844.** *By William L. Lucey, S.J.* (New England Province). Marshall Jones Co., 1946.